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DECEMBER, 1901.

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


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JOSEPH F. SMITH
SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST
OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. V.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 2.

HISTORY OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH.

BY HIS MOTHER, LUCY SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFE OF STEPHEN MACK.

My brother Stephen, who was next in age to Jason, was born in the town of Marlow, June 15, 1766.

I shall pass his childhood in silence, and say nothing about him until he attained the age of fourteen, at which time he enlisted in the army, the circumstances of which were as follows:

A recruiting officer came into the neighborhood to draft soldiers for the Revolutionary war, and he called out a company of militia to which my brother belonged, in order to take therefrom such as were best qualified to do military duty. My brother, being very anxious to go into the army at this time, was so fearful that he would be passed by on account of his age, that the sweat stood in large drops on his face, and he shook like an aspen leaf. Fortunately, the officer made choice of him among others, and he entered the army, and continued in the service of his country until he was seventeen. During this time he was in many battles, both on land and sea, and several times narrowly escaped death by fam-

ine; but, according to his own account, whenever he was brought into a situation to fully realize his entire dependence upon God, the hand of Providence was always manifested in his deliverance.

Not long since, I met with an intimate acquaintance of my brother Stephen, and requested him to furnish me such facts as were in his possession in relation to him; and he wrote the following brief, yet comprehensive account, for the gratification of my readers:

I, Horace Stanly, was born in Tunbridge, Orange county, Vermont, August 21, 1798. I have been personally acquainted with Major Mack and his family ever since I can remember, as I lived in the same township, within one mile and a half of the Major's farm, and two miles from his store, and eight miles from Chelsea, the county seat of Orange county, where he conducted the mercantile and tinning business.

My eldest brother went to learn the tinning business of the Major's workmen. The Major being a man of great enterprise, energetic in business, and possessed of a high degree of patriotism, launched forth on the frontiers at Detroit, in the year 1800 (if I recollect rightly), where he immediately commenced trading with the Indians.

He left his family in Tunbridge, on his farm, and while he was engaged in business at Detroit he visited them—sometimes once in a year, in eighteen months, or in two years, just as it happened.

I visited Detroit, November 1, 1820, where I found the Major merchandising upon quite an extensive scale, having six clerks in one store; besides this, he had many other stores in the territory of Michigan, as well as in various parts of Ohio.

His business at Pontiac was principally farming and building, but in order to facilitate these two branches of business, he set in operation a saw and flour mill, and afterwards added different branches of mechanism. He made the turnpike road from Detroit to Pontiac at his own expense. He also did considerable other public work, for the purpose of giving employment to the poor.

He never encouraged idleness, or the man above his business. In 1828, having been absent from Detroit a short time, I returned. The Major was then a member of the Council of the territory, and had acted a very conspicuous part in enhancing its prosperity and enlarging its settlement; and it was a common saying, that he had done much more for the territory than any other individual.

In short, the Major was a man of talents of the first order. He was

energetic and untiring. He always encouraged industry, and was very cautious how he applied his acts of charity.

Respectfully by

HORACE STANLY.

My brother was in the city of Detroit in 1812, the year in which Hull surrendered the territory to the British crown. My brother being somewhat celebrated for his prowess, was selected by General Hull to take the command of a company, as captain. After a short service in this office, he was ordered to surrender. At this his indignation was roused to the highest pitch. He broke his sword across his knee; and, throwing it into the lake, exclaimed that he would never submit to such a disgraceful compromise while the blood of an American continued to run through his veins.

This drew the especial vengeance of the army upon his head; and his property, doubtless, would have been sacrificed to their resentment, had they known the situation of his affairs. But this they did not know, as his housekeeper deceived them by a stratagem, related by Mr. Stanly, as follows:

At the surrender of Detroit, not having as yet moved his family hither, Major Mack had an elderly lady, by the name of Trotwine, keeping house for him. The old lady took in some of the most distinguished British officers as boarders. She justified them in their course of conduct towards the Yankees, and, by her shrewdness and tact, she gained the esteem of the officers, and thus secured through them the good will of the soldiery, so far as to prevent their burning (what they supposed to be) her store and dwelling, both of which were splendid buildings.

The Major never forgot this service done him by the old lady, for he ever afterwards supported her handsomely.

Thus was a great amount of goods and money saved from the hands of his enemies. But this is not all: the news came to her ears that they were about to burn another trading establishment belonging to the Major, and, without waiting to consult him, she went immediately to the store, and took from the counting-room several thousand dollars, which she secreted until the British left the city. The building and goods were burned.

As soon as the English left the territory, he recommenced business, and removed his family from Tunbridge to Detroit. Here they remained but a short time, when he took them to Pontiac;

and, as soon as they were well established or settled in this place, he himself went to the city of Rochester, where he built a saw-mill.

But, in the midst of his prosperity, he was called away to experience another state of existence, with barely a moment's warning, for he was sick only four days from the time he was first taken ill until he died; and even on the fourth day, and in the last hour of his illness, it was not supposed to be at all dangerous, until his son, who sat by his bed side, discovered that he was dying.

He left his family with an estate of fifty thousand dollars, clear of encumbrance.

CHAPTER V.

LYDIA MACK, THIRD DAUGHTER OF SOLOMON MACK.

Of my sister Lydia I shall say but little; not that I loved her less, or that she was less deserving of honorable mention; but she seemed to float more with the stream of common events than those who have occupied the foregoing pages: hence fewer incidents of a striking character are furnished for the mind to dwell upon.

She sought riches and obtained them; yet in the day of prosperity she remembered the poor, for she dealt out her substance to the needy, with a liberal hand, to the end of her days, and died the object of their affection. As she was beloved in life, so she was bewailed in death.

CHAPTER VI.

DANIEL MACK—HE RESCUES THREE MEN FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

Daniel comes next in order. He was rather worldly-minded, yet he was not vicious; and if he had any peculiar trait of character, it was this—he possessed a very daring and philanthropic spirit, which led him to reach forth his hand to the assistance of those whose lives were exposed to danger, even to the hazard of his own life. For instance: he, in company with several others, was once standing on the bank of Miller's river, in the town of Montague, when one of the number proposed taking a swim. Daniel objected, saying it was a dangerous place to swim in, yet they were

determined, and three went in; but, going out into the stream rather too far they were overpowered by the current, and a kind of eddy which they fell into, and they sank immediately.

At this, Daniel said, "Now, gentlemen, these men are drowning: who will assist them at the risk of his life?" No one answered. At this, he sprang into the water, and, diving to the bottom, found one of them fastened to some small roots. Daniel took hold of him, and tore up the roots to which he was clinging, and brought him out, and then told the by-standers to get a barrel, for the purpose of rolling him on it, in order to make him disgorge the water which he had taken. He then went in again, and found the other two in the same situation as the first, and saved them in like manner.

After rolling them a short time on the barrel, he took them to a house, and gave them every possible attention, until they had so far recovered as to be able to speak. As soon as they could talk, one of them, fixing his eyes upon Daniel, said, "Mr. Mack, we have reason to look upon you as our savior, for you have delivered us from a watery tomb; and I would that I could always live near you. We are now assured that you have not only wisdom to counsel, but when men have spurned your advice, you still have that greatness of soul which leads you to risk your own life to save your fellow man. No, I will never leave you as long as I live, for I wish to convince you that I ever remember you, and that I will never slight your counsel again."

In this they were all agreed, and they carried out the same in their future lives.

CHAPTER VII.

SOLOMON MACK.

My youngest brother, Solomon, was born and married in the town of Gilsum, state of New Hampshire, where he is still living; and although he is now very aged, he has never traveled farther than Boston, to which place his business leads him twice a year.

He has gathered to himself in this rocky region, fields, flocks, and herds, which multiply and increase upon the mountains. He

has been known at least twenty years, as Captain Solomon Mack, of Gilsum; but, as he lives to speak for himself, and as I have to do chiefly with the dead, and not the living, I shall leave him, hoping that, as he has lived peaceably with all men, he may die happily.

I have now given a brief account of all my father's family, save myself; and what I have written has been done with the view of discharging an obligation which I considered resting upon me, inasmuch as they have all passed off this stage of action, except myself and youngest brother. And seldom do I meet with an individual with whom I was even acquainted in my early years, and I am constrained to exclaim—"The friends of my youth! where are they!" The tomb replies, "Here are they!" But, through my instrumentality,

Safely truth to urge her claims, presumes
On names now found alone on books and tombs.

CHAPTER VIII.

EARLY LIFE OF LUCY MACK—HER MARRIAGE WITH JOSEPH SMITH.

I shall now introduce the history of my own life. I was born in the town of Gilsum, Cheshire county, state of New Hampshire, on the eighth of July, 1776.

When I arrived at the age of eight years, my mother had a severe fit of sickness. She was so low that she, as well as her friends, entirely despaired of her recovery. During this sickness she called her children around her bed, and, after exhorting them always to remember the instructions which she had given them—to fear God and walk uprightly before him, she gave me to my brother Stephen, requesting him to take care of me, and bring me up as his own child, then bade each of us farewell.

This my brother promised to do; but, as my mother shortly recovered, it was not necessary, and I consequently remained at my father's house until my sister Lovisa was married. Some time after this event I went to South Hadley, to pay Lovisa, who was living there, a visit.

I returned home to my parents in about six months, and re-

mained with them in Gilsum until the death of Lovina. Soon after which, my brother Stephen, who was living at Tunbridge, Vermont, came to my father's on a visit; and he insisted so earnestly on my accompanying him home, that my parents consented. The grief occasioned by the death of Lovina was praying upon my health, and threatened my constitution with serious injury, and they hoped that to accompany my brother home might serve to divert my mind and thus prove a benefit to me. For I was pensive and melancholy, and often in my reflections I thought that life was not worth possessing.

In the midst of this anxiety of mind, I determined to obtain that which I had heard spoken of so much from the pulpit—a change of heart.

To accomplish this, I spent much of my time reading the Bible, and praying; but notwithstanding my great anxiety to experience a change of heart, another matter would always interpose in all my meditations—if I remain a member of no church, all religious people will say I am of the world; and if I join some one of the different denominations, all the rest will say I am in error. No church will admit that I am right, except the one with which I am associated. This makes them witnesses against each other; and how can I decide in such a case as this, seeing they are all unlike the Church of Christ, as it existed in former days!

While I remained at Tunbridge, I became acquainted with a young man by the name of Joseph Smith, to whom I was subsequently married.

I continued with my brother one year, then went home. I was at home but a short time, when my brother came after me again, and insisted so hard upon my returning with him, that I concluded to do so. And this time I remained with him until I was married, which took place the next January.

CHAPTER IX.

SEVEN GENERATIONS OF THE SMITH FAMILY—FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE MACK FAMILY.

Here, I would like to give the early history of my husband, for

many facts might be mentioned, that doubtless would be highly interesting; but, as I am not able to give them in order, I shall decline making the attempt, and in the place thereof shall insert a transcript from the record of his family, beginning with Samuel Smith, who was the son of Robert and Mary Smith, who came from England.

The above Samuel Smith, was born January 26, 1666, in Toppsfield, Essex county, Massachusetts; and was married to Rebecca Curtis, daughter of John Curtis, January 25, 1707.

Children of Samuel and Rebecca Smith.

Phebe, born Jan. 8, 1708; married to Stephen Averel.

First Mary, born Aug. 14, 1711; married to Amos Towne.

Second Samuel, born Jan. 26, 1714; married to Priscilla Gould; died Nov. 14, 1785.

Rebecca, born Oct. 1, 1715; married to John Balch.

Elizabeth, born July 8, 1718; married to Eliezer Gould; died March, 1753.

Hephzibah, born May 12, 1722; married to Wm. Gallop; died November 15, 1774.

Robert, born April 25, 1724.

Susanna, born May 2, 1726; died May 5, 1741.

Hannah, born April 5, 1729; married to John Peabody; died Aug. 17, 1764.

First Samuel Smith died July 12, 1748.

His wife Rebecca Smith, March 2, 1753.

Children of second Samuel, and first Priscilla Smith, which Samuel was the son of first Samuel and Rebecca Smith.

Priscilla, born Sept. 26, 1735; married to Jacob Kimball, Sept. 15, 1755.

Third Samuel, born October 28, 1737; married to Rebecca Towne, Jan. 2, 1760.

Vashti, born Oct. 5, 1739; married to Solomon Curtis, Sept. 15, 1763; married second time to Jacob Hobbs, 1767.

Susanna, born Jan. 24, 1742; married to Isaac Hobbs, 1767.

First Asael, born March 8, 1744; married to Mary Duty, Feb. 12, 1767.

Children of first Asael and Mary Smith; which Asael was the son of second Samuel and Priscilla Smith.

First Jesse, born April 20, 1763; married to Hannah Peabody Jan. 20, 1792.

Priscilla, born Oct. 21, 1769; married to John C. Waller, Aug. 24, 1796.

First Joseph, born July 12, 1771; married to Lucy Mack, Jan. 24, 1796; died Sep. 14, 1840.

Second Asael, born May 21, 1773; married to Betsy Schellenger, March 21, 1802.

Mary, born June 4, 1775; married to Isaac Pierce, Dec. 22, 1796.

Fourth Samuel, born Sept. 15, 1777.

First Silas, born Oct. 1, 1779; married to Ruth Stevens, Jan. 29, 1806; married second time Frances Wilcox, February, 1816; third time to Mary Aikens, March 4, 1828.

First John, born July 16, 1781; married to Clarissa Lyman, Sept. 11, 1815.

Third Susanna, born May 18, 1783.

Stephen, born April 23, 1785; died July 25, 1802.

Sarah, born May 16, 1789; married to Joseph Sanford, Oct. 15, 1809; died May 27, 1824.

Children of First Jesse and Hannah Smith; which Jesse was the son of first Asael and Mary Smith.

Benjamin G. was born May 2, 1793.

Eliza, " " Mar. 9, 1795.

Ira, " " Jan. 30, 1797.

Harvey, " " Apr. 1, 1799.

Harriet, " " Apr. 8, 1801.

Stephen, " " May 2, 1803.

Mary, " " May 4, 1805.

Catherine, " " July 13, 1807.

Royal " " July 2, 1809.

Sarah, " " Dec. 16, 1810.

Children of John C. and Priscilla Waller; which Priscilla was the daughter of first Asael Smith.

Calvin C.	was born June 6, 1797.
Dolly	" " Oct. 16, 1799; died July 20, 1800.
Marshall	" " March 18, 1801.
Royal H.	" " Nov. 29, 1802.
Dudley C.	" " Sept. 29, 1804.
Bushrod W.	" " Oct. 18, 1806.
Silas B.	" " Jan. 1, 1809.
Sally P.	" " Oct. 31, 1810.
John H.	" " Sept. 9, 1812; died Nov. 5, 1812.

Children of first Joseph and Lucy Smith; which Joseph was the son of the first Asael and Mary Smith.

Alvin, born Feb. 11, 1798; died Nov. 19, 1824.

Hyrum, born Feb. 9, 1800, Tunbridge, Vermont; married to Jerusha Barden, Nov. 2, 1826, Manchester, N. Y.; to Mary Fielding, 1837; murdered by a mob, June 27, 1844, in Carthage jail, Hancock county, Illinois, while under the protection of Governor Thos. Ford.

Sophronia, born May 16, 1803, Tunbridge, Vermont; married to Calvin Stoddard, Dec. 2, 1827. Palmyra, N. Y.,

Second Joseph, Dec. 23, 1805, Sharon, Windsor county, Vermont; married to Emma Hale, daughter of Isaac Hale, in South Bainbridge, Chenango county, N. Y., Jan. 18, 1827; murdered by a mob, June 27, 1844, in Carthage jail Hancock county, Illinois, while under the protection of Governor Thomas Ford.

Fifth Samuel Harrison, born March 13, 1808, Tunbridge, Vermont; married to Mary Bailey, Aug. 13, 1834; to Levira Clark, 29, 1842; died July 30, 1844, of a fever, occasioned by over exertion in getting away from a mob, when his brothers were killed.

Ephraim, born March 13, 1810; died March 24, 1810.

William, born March 13, 1811, Royalton, Vermont; married to Caroline Grant, daughter of Joshua Grant, Feb. 14, 1833.

Catherine, born July 28, 1812, Lebanon, New Hampshire; married to Wilkins J. Salisbury, Jan. 8, 1831.

Don Carlos, born March 25, 1816; married to Agnes Coolbrith, July 30, 1835, Kirtland Ohio; died Aug. 7, 1841.

Lucy, born July 18, 1821; married to Arthur Miliken, June 4, 1840, Nauvoo.

Children of second Asael and Betsy Smith; which Asael was the son of first Asael and Mary Smith.

Elias	was born	Sept. 6, 1804.
Emily	“ “	Sept. 1, 1806.
Jesse J.	“ “	Oct. 6, 1808; died July 1, 1834.
Esther	“ “	Sept. 20, 1810.
Mary J.	“ “	April 29, 1813.
Julia P.	“ “	March 6, 1815.
Martha	“ “	June 9, 1817.
Second Silas	“ “	June 6, 1822.

Children of Isaac and Mary Pierce; which Mary was the daughter of first Asael and Mary Smith.

Eunice	was born	April 29, 1799.
Miranda	“ “	June 17, 1803.
Horace	“ “	June 8, 1805.
John S.	“ “	March 6, 1807.
Susan	“ “	June 20, 1809.
Mary	“ “	April 25, 1811.
Laura	“ “	Feb. 8, 1814.
Eliza A	“ “	Sept. 2, 1817.

Children of first Silas and Ruth Smith; which Silas was the son of first Asael and Mary Smith.

Charles	was born	Nov. 11, 1806; died May 7, 1809.
Charity	“ “	April 1, 1808.
Curtis S.	“ “	Oct. 29, 1809.
Sixth Samuel	“ “	Oct. 3, 1811; died March 7, 1826.
Stephen	“ “	June 8, 1815.
Susan	“ “	Oct. 19, 1817.
Third Asael	“ “	Oct. 12, 1819.

Children by his second wife Mary Smith.

Silas S.	was born	Oct. 26, 1830.
John A.	“ “	July 6, 1832.
Jesse Nathaniel	“ “	Dec. 2, 1834.

Children of first John and Clarissa Smith; which John was the son of first Asael and Mary Smith.

George A. was born June 26, 1817.

Caroline " " June 6, 1820.

Second John L. " " Nov. 17, 1828.

Children of Hyrum and Jerusha Smith; which Hyrum was the son of first Joseph and Lucy Smith.

Lovina was born Sept. 16, 1827; died Oct. 8, 1876.

Mary " " June 27, 1829; died May, 29, 1832.

John " " Sept. 22, 1832.

Second Hyrum " " April 27, 1834; died Sept. 21, 1841.

Jerusha " " Jan. 13, 1836.

Sarah " " Oct. 2, 1837; died Nov. 6, 1876.

Children of Hyrum Smith and Mary, his second wife.

Fourth Joseph F. was born Nov. 13, 1838.

Martha Ann " " May 14, 1841.

Children of second Joseph, the Prophet, and Emma Smith; which Joseph was the son of first Joseph and Lucy Smith.

Julia Murdock Smith, adopted daughter, was born April 30, 1831.

Third Joseph was born Nov. 6, 1832.

Frederick G. W. " " June 20, 1836; died 1862.

Alexander H. " " June 2, 1838.

Don Carlos " " June 13, 1840; died Aug. 1841.

David H. " " Nov. 18, 1844.

Children of fifth Samuel Smith and Mary, his first wife; which Samuel was the son of first Joseph and Lucy Smith.

Susanna B. was born Oct. 27, 1835.

Mary B. " " March 27, 1837.

Samuel H. B. " " Aug. 1, 1838.

Lucy B. " " Jan., 1841.

Mary Smith died Jan. 25, 1841.

Children of Samuel Smith and Levira, his second wife.

Levira A. C. was born April 29, 1842.

Lovisa C. " " Aug. 28, 1843.

Lucy J. C. " " Aug. 20, 1844.

Children of William and Caroline Smith; which William was the son of first Joseph and Lucy Smith.

Mary Jane, was born Jan. 1835.

Caroline L. “ “ Aug. 1836.

Children of Don Carlos and Agnes Smith; which Don Carlos was the son of first Joseph and Lucy Smith.

Agnes C. was born Aug. 1, 1836.

Sophronia C. “ “ 1838.

Josephine D. “ “ March 10, 1841.

Children of Calvin and Sophronia Stodard.

Eunice was born March 22, 1830.

Maria “ “ April 12, 1832.

Children of Wilkins J. and Catharine Salisbury; which Catharine was the daughter of first Joseph Smith.

Elizabeth, was born April 12, 1832.

Lucy “ “ Oct. 3, 1834.

Solomon J. “ “ Sept. 18, 1835.

Alvin “ “ June 7, 1838.

Don C. “ “ Oct. 25, 1841.

Emma C. “ “ March 25, 1844.

Arthur and Lucy Miliken have one son, named Don Carlos Miliken.

George A. Smith, son of first John Smith, was married to Bathsheba W. Bigler, July 25, 1841.

Children of George A. and Bathsheba W. Smith.

George Albert, was born July 7, 1842.

Bathsheba, “ “ Aug. 14, 1844.

Having now given all the names belonging to the family of Smith, I shall take up another lineage, namely, that of the Mack family, commencing with my grandfather Ebenezer Mack. Ebenezer Mack had three sons, Elisha, Samuel and Solomon, and one daughter named Hypsebeth. His son Solomon was born in the town of Lyme, state of Connecticut, Sept. 26, 1735; was married to a young woman by the name of Lydia Gates, in the year 1759. This

Lydia Gates was born in East Haddam, state of Connecticut, Sept. 3, 1735.

The following are the names of the children of first Solomon and Lydia Mack; which Solomon was the son of Ebenezer and Hannah Mack.

Jason, Stephen, Daniel, second Solomon, Lovisa, Lovina, Lydia, Lucy.

Children of second Solomon Mack; which Solomon was the son of first Solomon Mack.

Calvin	was born Nov. 28, 1797.
Orlando	“ “ Sept. 23, 1799.
Chilon	“ “ July, 26, 1802.
Third Solomon	“ “ May 23, 1805.
Amos	“ “ May 1, 1807.
Dennis	“ “ Oct. 18, 1809.
Merrill	“ “ Sept. 14, 1812.
Esther	“ “ April 2, 1815.
Rizpah	“ “ June 5, 1818.

CHAPTER X.

A PRESENT OF ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS, FROM JOHN MUDGET AND STEPHEN MACK, TO THE AUTHOR.

Soon after I was married, I went with my husband to see my parents, and as we were about setting out on this visit, my brother Stephen, and his partner in business, John Mudget, were making some remarks in regard to my leaving them, and the conversation presently turned upon the subject of giving me a marriage present. “Well,” said Mr. Mudget, “Lucy ought to have something worth naming, and I will give her just as much as you will.”

“Done,” said my brother, “I will give her five hundred dollars in cash.”

“Good,” said the other, “and I will give her five hundred dollars more.”

So they wrote a check on their bankers for one thousand

dollars, and presented me with the same. This check I laid aside, as I had other means by me sufficient to purchase my housekeeping furniture.

Having visited my father and mother, we returned again to Tunbridge, where my companion owned a handsome farm, upon which we settled ourselves, and began to cultivate the soil. We lived on this place about six years, tilling the earth for a livelihood.

In 1802, we rented our farm in Tunbridge, and moved to the town of Randolph, where we opened a mercantile establishment. When we came to this place we had two children, Alvin and Hyrum.

CHAPTER XI.

SICKNESS IN RANDOLPH.

We had lived in Randolph but six months when I took a heavy cold, which caused a severe cough. To relieve this, every possible exertion was made, but it was all in vain. A hectic fever set in, which threatened to prove fatal, and the physician pronounced my case to be confirmed consumption. During this sickness, my mother watched over me with much anxiety, sparing herself no pains in administering to my comfort, yet I continued to grow weaker and weaker, until I could scarcely endure even a foot-fall upon the floor, except in stocking-foot, and no one was allowed to speak in the room above a whisper.

While I was in this situation, a Methodist exhorter came to see me. On coming to the door, he knocked in his usual manner, and his knocking so agitated me that it was a considerable length of time before my nerves became altogether quieted again. My mother motioned him to a chair, and in a whisper informed him of my situation, which prevented his asking me any questions. He tarried some time, and while he sat he seemed deeply to meditate upon the uncertainty of my recovering; in the mean time, he showed a great desire to have conversation with me respecting my dying.

As he thus sat pondering, I fancied to myself that he was

going to ask me if I was prepared to die, and I dreaded to have him speak to me, for then I did not consider myself ready for such an awful event, inasmuch as I knew not the ways of Christ; besides, there appeared to be a dark and lonesome chasm, between myself and the Savior, which I dared not attempt to pass.

I thought I strained my eyes, and by doing so I could discern a faint glimmer of the light that was beyond the gloom which lay immediately before me.

When I was meditating upon death, in this manner, my visitor left; soon after which my husband came to my bed, and took me by the hand, and said, "Oh, Lucy! my wife! my wife! you must die! The doctors have given you up; and all say you cannot live."

I then looked to the Lord, and begged and pleaded with him to spare my life, in order that I might bring up my children, and be a comfort to my husband. My mind was much agitated during the whole night. Sometimes I contemplated heaven and heavenly things; then my thoughts would turn upon those of earth—my babes and my companion.

During this night I made a solemn covenant with God, that, if he would let me live, I would endeavor to serve him according to the best of my abilities. Shortly after this, I heard a voice say to me, "Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Let your heart be comforted; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

In a few moments my mother came in, and, looking upon me she said, "Lucy, you are better."

I replied, as my speech returned just at that instant, "Yes, mother, the Lord will let me live, if I am faithful to the promise which I made to him, to be a comfort to my mother, my husband, and my children." I continued to gain strength, until I became quite well as to my bodily health; but my mind was considerably disquieted. It was wholly occupied upon the subject of religion. As soon as I was able, I made all diligence in endeavoring to find some one who was capable of instructing me more perfectly in the way of life and salvation.

As soon as I had strength sufficient, I visited one Deacon Davies, a man whom I regarded as exceedingly pious; and, as he was apprised of my sudden and miraculous recovery, I expected to

hear about the same which I had heard from my mother—"The Lord has done a marvelous work; let his name have the praise thereof." But, no: from the time I arrived at his house until I left, I heard nothing, except, "Oh, Mrs. Smith has come—help her in—run, build a fire, make the room warm—fill the tea-kettle—get the great arm-chair," etc., etc. Their excessive anxiety concerning my physical convenience and comfort, without being seasoned with one word in relation to Christ or godliness, sickened and disgusted me, and I returned home very sorrowful and much disappointed.

From my anxiety of mind to abide the covenant which I had made with the Lord, I went from place to place, for the purpose of getting information, and finding, if it were possible, some congenial spirit who could enter into my feelings, and thus be able to strengthen and assist me in carrying out my resolutions.

I heard that a very devout man was to preach the next Sabbath in the Presbyterian church; I therefore went to meeting, in the full expectation of hearing that which my soul desired—the Word of Life.

When the minister commenced speaking, I fixed my mind with deep attention upon the spirit and matter of his discourse; but after hearing him through, I returned home, convinced that he neither understood nor appreciated the subject upon which he spoke, and I said in my heart that there was not then upon earth the religion which I sought. I therefore determined to examine my Bible, and, taking Jesus and his disciples for my guide, to endeavor to obtain from God that which man could neither give nor take away. Notwithstanding this, I would hear all that could be said, as well as read much that was written, on the subject of religion; but the Bible I intended should be my guide to life and salvation. This course I pursued a number of years.

At length, I considered it my duty to be baptized, and, finding a minister who was willing to baptize me, and leave me free in regard to joining any religious denomination, I stepped forward and yielded obedience to this ordinance; after which I continued to

read the Bible as formerly, until my eldest son had attained his twenty-second year.

CHAPTER XII.

JOSEPH SMITH, SENIOR, LOSES HIS PROPERTY AND BECOMES POOR
—RECEIVES A VISIT FROM JASON MACK—THE HISTORY OF
THE LATTER CONCLUDED.

My husband, as before stated, followed merchandising for a short period in the town of Randolph. Soon after he commenced business in this place, he ascertained that crystalized ginseng root sold very high in China, being used as a remedy for the plague, which was then raging there.

He therefore concluded to embark in a traffic of this article, and consequently made an investment of all the means which he commanded, in that way and manner which was necessary to carry on a business of this kind, viz., crystalizing and exporting the root. When he had obtained a quantity of the same, a merchant by the name of Stevens, of Royalton, offered him three thousand dollars for what he had; but my husband refused his offer, as it was only about two-thirds of its real value, and told the gentleman that he would rather venture shipping it himself.

My husband, in a short time, went to the city of New York, with the view of shipping his ginseng, and finding a vessel in port which was soon to set sail, he made arrangements with the captain to this effect—that he was to sell the ginseng in China, and return the avails thereof to my husband; and this the captain bound himself to do, in a written obligation.

Mr. Stevens, hearing that Mr. Smith was making arrangements to ship his ginseng, repaired immediately to New York, and, by taking some pains, he ascertained the vessel on board of which Mr. Smith had shipped his ginseng; and having some of the same article on hand himself, he made arrangements with the captain to take his also, and he was to send his son on board the vessel to take charge of it.

It appears, from circumstances that afterwards transpired, that the ginseng was taken to China, and sold there to good ad-

vantage, or at a high price, but not to much advantage to us, for we never received any thing, except a small chest of tea, of the avails arising from this adventure.

When the vessel returned, Stevens, the younger, also returned with it, and when my husband became apprized of his arrival, he went immediately to him and made inquiry respecting the success of the captain in selling his ginseng. Mr. Stevens told him quite a plausible tale, the particulars of which I have forgotten; but the amount of it was, that the sale had been a perfect failure, and the only thing which had been brought for Mr. Smith from China was a small chest of tea, which chest had been delivered into his care, for my husband.

In a short time after this, young Stevens hired a house of Major Mack, and employed eight or ten hands and commenced the business of crystalizing ginseng. Soon after engaging in this business, when he had got fairly at work, my brother, Major Mack, went to see him, and, as it happened, he found him considerably intoxicated. When my brother came into his presence, he spoke to him thus, "Well, Mr. Stevens, you are doing a fine business; you will soon be ready for another trip to China." Then observed again, in a quite indifferent manner, "Oh, Mr. Stevens, how much did Brother Smith's adventure bring?" Being under the influence of liquor, he was not on his guard, and took my brother by the hand and led him to a trunk; then opening it, he observed, "There, sir, are the proceeds of Mr. Smith's ginseng!" exhibiting a large amount of silver and gold.

My brother was much astounded at this; however, he disguised his feelings, and conversed with him a short time upon different subjects, then returned home, and about ten o'clock the same night he started for Randolph, to see my husband.

When Mr. Stevens had overcome his intoxication, he began to reflect upon what he had done, and making some inquiry concerning my brother, he ascertained that he had gone to Randolph. Mr. Stevens, conjecturing his business—that he had gone to see my husband respecting the ginseng adventure, went immediately to his establishment, dismissed his hands, called his carriage, and fled with his cash for Canada, and I have never heard anything concerning him since.

My husband pursued him a while, but finding pursuit vain, returned home much dispirited at the state of his affairs. He then went to work to overhaul his accounts, in order to see how he stood with the world; upon which he discovered that, in addition to the loss sustained by the China adventure, he had lost about two thousand dollars in bad debts. At the time he sent his venture to China he was owing eighteen hundred dollars in the city of Boston, for store goods, and he expected to discharge the debt at the return of the China expedition; but, having invested almost all his means in ginseng, the loss which he suffered in this article rendered it impossible for him to pay his debt with the property which remained in his hands. The principal dependence left him, in the shape of property, was the farm at Tunbridge, upon which we were then living, having moved back to this place immediately after his venture was sent to China. This farm, which was worth about fifteen hundred dollars, my husband sold for eight hundred dollars, in order to make a speedy payment on the Boston debt; and, as I had not used the check of one thousand dollars, which my brother and Mr. Mudgett gave me, I added it to the eight hundred dollars obtained for the farm, and by this means the whole debt was liquidated.

While we were living on the Tunbridge farm, my brother Jason made us a visit. He brought with him a young man by the name of William Smith, a friendless orphan, whom he had adopted as his own son, and, previous to this time, had kept constantly with him; but he now thought best to leave him with us, for the purpose of having him go to school. He remained with us, however, only six months before my brother came again and took him to New Brunswick, which they afterwards made their home, and where my brother had gathered together some thirty families, on a tract of land which he had purchased for the purpose of assisting poor persons to the means of sustaining themselves. He planned their work for them, and when they raised anything which they wished to sell, he took it to market for them. Owning a schooner himself, he took their produce to Liverpool, as it was then the best market.

When Jason set out on the above-mentioned visit to Tunbridge, he purchased a quantity of goods, which he intended as

presents for his friends, especially his mother and sisters; but, on his way thither, he found so many objects of charity, that he gave away not only the goods, but most of his money. On one occasion, he saw a woman who had just lost her husband, and who was very destitute; he gave her fifteen dollars in money, and a full suit of clothes for herself and each of her children, which were six in number.

This was the last interview I ever had with my brother Jason, but, twenty years later, he wrote the following letter to my brother Solomon, and that is about all the intelligence I have ever received from him since I saw him:

SOUTH BRANCH OF ORMUCTO, PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
June 30, 1835.

My Dear Brother Solomon:

You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that I am still alive, although in an absence of twenty years I have never written to you before. But I trust you will forgive me when I tell you that, for most of the twenty years, I have been so situated that I have had little or no communication with the lines, and have been holding meetings, day and night, from place to place; besides, my mind has been so taken up with the deplorable situation of the earth, the darkness in which it lies, that, when my labors did call me near the lines, I did not realize the opportunity which presented itself of letting you know where I was. And, again, I have designed visiting you long since, and annually have promised myself that the succeeding year I would certainly seek out my relatives, and enjoy the privilege of one pleasing interview with them before I passed into the valley and shadow of death. But last, though not least, let me not startle you when I say, that, according to my early adopted principles of the power of faith, the Lord has, in his exceeding kindness, bestowed upon me the gift of healing by the prayer of faith, and the use of such simple means as seem congenial to the human system; but my chief reliance is upon him who organized us at the first, and can restore at pleasure that which is disorganized.

The first of my peculiar successes in this way was twelve years since, and from nearly that date I have had little rest. In addition to the incessant calls which I, in a short time had, there, was the most overwhelming torrent of opposition poured down upon me that I ever witnessed. But it pleased God to take the weak to confound the wisdom of the wise. I have in the last twelve years seen the greatest manifesta-

tions of the power of God in healing the sick, that, with all my sanguinity, I ever hoped or imagined. And when the learned infidel has declared with sober face, time and again, that disease had obtained such an ascendancy that death could be resisted no longer, that the victim must wither beneath his potent arm, I have seen the almost lifeless clay slowly but surely resuscitated, and revive, till the pallid monster fled so far that the patient was left in the full bloom of vigorous health. But it is God that hath done it, and to him let all the praise be given.

I am now compelled to close this epistle, for I must start immediately on a journey of more than one hundred miles, to attend a heavy case of sickness; so God be with you all. Farewell!

JASON MACK.

The next intelligence we received concerning Jason, after his letter to Brother Solomon, was, that he, his wife, and oldest son, were dead, and this concludes my account of my brother Jason.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY LYDIA D. ALDER.

O, watchman, what of the night?
Dawns not yet the morning light?
World, hear the watchman's cry;
The perfect day draweth nigh.

Glad tidings o'er the mountains ring, through ev'ry woody dell;
King Jesus Christ, comes now to earth; O, hear the echoes swell.
All kingdoms now are his, all subjects lowly bend the knee.
Lo! his star in heaven is seen; O, night of darkness, flee!
The glory of his presence, ere long, on thee shall fall,
Lo, from the towers of Zion, hear the watchman's call:
Arise and shine, O, Zion, in bridal robes arrayed;
Bind flow'ry chaplets on thy brow, that never more will fade.
Moan and pine no longer, nor a widow banished be,
For thy sorrow's night is over, and the shadows flee from thee.

The glory of Christ's presence, O, soon on thee will fall;
Lo! from the towers of Zion, hear the watchman's call:

O, glorious day, millennial morn, ye saints arise and sing;
Triumphant down the blazing skies, Christ other saints will bring,
To reign, to rule, on earth with him a thousand years to be,
And gladly serve their King, throughout eternity.
O'er all the earth, the gladsome day wakes the sorrowing heart;
Joy beams on faded faces, that will never more depart.
The night is past, the watchmen cry, the longed-for day is come,
Ye, who have waited for the Lord, will hear his voice, "well done."
A glory rests on earth and sky, around the dear Lord's form,
Behold they come to earth with him, O, Church of the First Born,
Ye who have wept, weep, weep no more, for now all tears have end,
Behold the Rock you've built upon,—your everlasting Friend!

He's victor over Death and Hell; the Tempter's bound in chains,
The temples open wide their doors, their glory never wanes.
Mortals meet immortal ones, where the altar's burnished gold
Reflects transcendent splendor, on those that thus behold.
Comes, too, a resurrection day, the graves of saints unbarred,
And forth in robes of glistening white, come they who love the Lord.
But o'er the scene the curtain draw, lest we transported be,
Or from our bonds and fetters, we cry, "let us be free."
God give us strength to overcome, and join that happy band,—
The saints that have been faithful, and come from ev'ry land;
O, haste the day, dear Savior, when all shall cry as one;
"We have obeyed thy mandate, behold, 'all nations' come."

CHOICE SELECTIONS.

The Punishment of Indolence.

One of the saddest sights in the world is that of a soul which has been starved by indolence, an undeveloped, stunted man, who has never sufficiently exerted himself to unfold his godlike power, to cultivate his finer sentiments and faculties.

It is not necessary for a man to be actively bad, in order to make a failure of life, simple inaction will accomplish it. Nature has everywhere written her protest against idleness; everything which ceases to struggle, which remains inactive, rapidly deteriorates. It is the struggle toward an ideal, the constant effort to get higher and further, which develops manhood and character.

All occupations and avenues of endeavor are overcrowded to the indolent, the nerveless and the incompetent. There is no room anywhere for a lazy man without sufficient ambition to enable him to rise. The world is looking for the man who can produce results, the leader, the aggressive man, and the man who has a purpose. No field is overcrowded for the original man who can think for himself and is not afraid of hard work. The young men who are crying that there is no chance, that the trusts have ruined their opportunities, would not succeed anywhere.

The cry of overcrowded positions is a bugbear only to the weak and the incompetent. Those who feel the power within them to make their place in the world never give "no chance" as an excuse for inaction.—*Success.*

A Definition of Character.

In art, character is everything. I have seen many who have been able to do good work, who possessed the art faculty, of

whom people would say, "What clever fellows!" Their work possessed promise, yet in the long fight, they lost because they lacked character.

You will ask me what I mean by character. I mean, first, morality. No man has gained anything by bad habits,—drink, late hours, or bad company.—*Prof. Hubert Herkomer, the Painter.*

Give the Boy a Chance.

If a man have a fifty dollar bull pup, he will look after it carefully, and not let it run all over town at night. But if he have a boy, it is different; the boy is turned loose at a tender age, to go to the bad. And yet people wonder where the members of the army of loafers, cigarette fiends and gamblers come from. They are germinated from the pure seed gathered at home and sown broadcast on the streets and alleys. The boy ought to be given an equal chance with the bull pup.—*Catholic Sun.*

True to His Old Friend.

An old man was leading a thin old horse across the commons in the northern part of the city, when a passer-by asked him where he was going.

"I'm searching for a bit of green for the poor beast," he answered.

"I'd send him to the bone-yard or the glue factory," said the other contemptuously.

"Would you?" asked the old man in a trembling voice, "if he had been the best friend you had in the world and helped you to earn food for your family for nearly twenty-five years? If the children that's gone and the children that's livin' had played with their arms around his neck and their heads on him for a pillow, when they had no other? Sir, he's carried us to mill and to meet-in', an' please God he shall die like a Christian, an' I'll bury him with these old hands. Nobody'll ever abuse old Bill, for if I go afore him there are those who will look after him."

"I beg your pardon," said the man who had accosted him, "there's a difference in people."

"Yes," said the old man; as he passed on with his four-footed friend.—*Detroit Free Press*.

Dissolving Doubts.

For all persons troubled with doubts and intellectual difficulties we have here the true method of their dissolution. Every faculty has its own work. You cannot make one sense do the work of the other sense. The tongue can taste the cluster of grapes, but the tongue cannot help you hear the song. The eye sees mountain and cloud, but it will not feel—that is the work of the fingers. Reason can collect arguments, and memory can recall the past; and the religious faculty has its own work in giving direct access to God. There is, indeed, a fragmentary way of knowing God that comes through the lower faculties, as children may know their parents by the lower senses. The babe is upon its mother's bosom. The little creature thinks it knows its mother. It knows that the mother satisfies hunger, that the mother gives warmth through raiment, that the mother can soothe and rest its tired body. Should you ask this little child, grown to ten years of age, if she knows her mother, she would make immediate response that she knows her through and through. Yet not until that child has come to womanhood and has had children of her own has she any deep heart recognition of what she owes that parent. Years from now, when her own children are ten years of age, this mature daughter will return to the home of her childhood, and the long, tender embrace will tell this gray-haired mother that at last her daughter knows how much she owes to the mother who carried her weakness and ignorance and sickness, and bore her sorrows. It is only by love that we understand God's infinite love. Oh, all ye doubting ones, follow the light you have! You know that the moral law is right. Obey that to the last jot and title. You know that Jesus Christ is earth's most pure and radiant spirit. Follow his example. Daily read his words. Help the weak as he helped them. Bear burdens as he bore them. Love the poor as he loved them. Recover the publican and prodigal as he sought for them. In the cool of evening find your way into some secret place, and pray as he prayed, and, with your Master's help, you will see that

the pure in heart see God, who is infinite purity; and at last your soul shall be satisfied.—*Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis.*

On Marriage.

Do not risk your company where there is a danger that your affections shall be attached to an object that is not a Saint of God. Taking the opposite course has never resulted in good. Evil has always come about, and if it was my right, I would say to the Methodist, marry within your church. If it was my right I would say to the Baptist, marry within your own church; and I would say to the Catholic, the Methodist and the Presbyterian, "Don't marry a Latter-day Saint girl. I would not have a 'Mormon' girl because she will make you trouble." I want to protect the Baptist, the Catholic and the Methodist churches against you 'Mormon' girls. I have enough love for them to protect them, and I want to protect the Catholic, Methodist and Baptist girls against you 'Mormon' boys. I want to say to the girls that are not of your faith, "Don't marry a 'Mormon' boy." He will make you trouble just as sure as you live, unless they repent, and they are not very apt to do that. Don't marry a man to save him; and it is better not to marry a woman to save her. If you cannot convert them before marriage, you will have a sorry job afterward. Do your converting and laboring all before, and if you cannot make a convert, then I say let them alone.—*Apostle Matthias F. Cowley, in a sermon at the October conference.*

THE CASTLE BUILDER.

BY NEPHI ANDERSON, AUTHOR OF "ADDED UPON," "MARCUS KING,
MORMON," ETC.

PART FIRST.

II.

CELEBRATION OF HARALD'S BIRTHDAY—GRANDMA'S COUNSEL.

The day had been stormy and wet, so the sheep had been penned early. Harald Einersen was doing his chores, in the long, summer twilight. He did not hurry with his work—there was plenty of time. The Norwegian day, at this time of the year, and at this latitude, extends far into the hours of night.

The Gundersen houses, for there were two of them, occupied a small clearing on the gently sloping sides of the hill which extended down to the waters of the Liffjord. Part of this clearing was grass-land, and part of it was planted to rye and potatoes. Near one of the huts was a small vegetable garden, and some goose-berry and currant bushes stood in a row from the door down to the spring. Some flowering shrubs could also be seen by the walls of this hut. The clearing on three sides was enclosed by the pine and spruce forest. The narrow fjord lay below, across which was another sloping hill, with some clearings and log huts upon them. Above the slope was a mountain, which reached back to other mountains, purple and blue in the distance.

Harald was up in the pines gathering dry twigs for the morrow's cooking. Through the dripping pine branches, he could see the clouds scurrying before the wind from the ocean to their rendezvous around the summit of the Dovre mountains. The rains had penetrated the sod, and the wild odor of wet woods was in the air. But to the boy gathering sticks, all this richness of woods and

mountains, earth and sky, were as if it had never been. Not that it was altogether lost to him, for in future years, the very essence of it all seemed to find lodgment within his soul, and it gave him joy in many a weary hour.

Harald Einersen lived in the hut nearest the woods—the one with the flowers by the wall. The flowers had been his mother's. She had planted them, and had cared for them just a little longer than she had cared for him. In that log hut, Harald had been born, and there, a few weeks later, his mother had died. He lived there with his grandmother. His father lived in "the other house," as Harald always called the dwelling across the clearing, on the other side of the spring. Harald was the only child of that first wife; but his father had married again, and he with his wife and four children occupied "the other house." This latter abode was a small improvement on the one-roomed hut wherein Harald and his grandmother lived. When Einer Gundersen had courted his second wife, she had demurred to going into the one-roomed hut to live with his mother and Harald; so, of necessity, the second house had to be built, and the grandmother was left in the old, with Harald to keep her company.

These were days of extreme scarcity and poverty. Sometimes Old Norway, struggling against the disadvantages of soil and climate, failed in supplying her children with bread. Then if the winter was severe, and the fishing poor, as sometimes happened, it became a daily battle with many of the poorer class to keep life in their bodies. Einer Gundersen had a hard struggle to supply his family with the bare necessities, and, to make matters worse, he had a craving for drink, which he satisfied as often as he could get money enough to buy a bottle of rum. Sometimes, when he had work at some neighboring farm house, or obtained a job cutting timber in the forest, he would remain away from home days at a time, after the work was over, and then he would come home as poor as when he went, but with an added nervousness in his step, and with a less fierce and brutal way of whipping his children. During these times, the responsibility of the home affairs rested on Harald, and especially the care of the small herd of sheep they had in charge for the summer for Merchant Bernhard.

The grass was now growing, and the potatoes and rye were

food in prospective; but bright prospects could not exactly still that painful gnawing in the stomach of a growing boy. And, oh, the food had been a mere pittance during the winter, and was even scarcer now. By the spring stood a barrel full of the soft inner bark of the fir tree, ground into flour, and placed there to soak out the resinous matter. This flour was made into mush and eaten. Bones were chopped and cooked, then crushed with a hammer, then ground into flour. Out of this, mush and bread were made. The tender reindeer moss was also dried and powdered, and even ground rye straw was pressed into service as a help to eke out the meagre food substance.

Harald Einersen was hungrier than ever that evening, up there in the woods. Grandmother had been away all day—she had gone to Vangen, a distance of nine miles, to deliver some knitting, and she had not yet returned. If the berries had only been ripe—but it was useless to wish, so he munched the tender shoots which he picked from the trees, and, gathering up his bundle, trudged homeward.

He deposited his bundle under a small shed by the side of the house and then went in. With some dry wood from yesterday's gathering, he made a fire in the stove. This stove, by the way, was made of three old iron pots, with their bottoms knocked out, one placed on top of the other, the largest one underneath. The chimney was built inside the hut and extended from the floor. One chair and a stool, a small pine board table, two rough bedsteads, one hidden in a corner by a curtain, a box-like cupboard, a small, odd-looking bureau, and a spinning wheel, were the chief articles of furniture in the room.

When Harald had gathered up the last bit of bark from his fire-making, grandmother came in. Grandmother could not tolerate rubbish around her stove, so she looked approvingly at the boy. She deposited a basket on the table, and then, taking the kerchief from her head, sat down to rest a few minutes. Grandmother could not walk the nine miles to Vangen and back as easily as formerly, and she was tired.

"Well, my boy, I suppose you're hungry."

Harald cast a side glance towards the basket. "Well, I think I am, grandmother."

"Yes; of course you are, my boy. God speed the growing crops. I saw they are doing well down the road. Have you done your work for the night? If not, get it finished, and then we'll see what we've got, my boy."

He went out again. Not that he had much to do, but he suspected there would be some cooking, and he did not wish to be tantalized by the delicious odors. In half an hour his grandmother called, "Come in, my boy, come in. I've got something for you—but stay, Harald, we are getting greedy. Run over and ask the children to come. Poor dears, its little enough they have had this day, I am sure."

Harald soon came back with his two brothers, Holger and Jens, and his little sister, Hulda, whom he carried in his arms. They all came noisily into grandmother's house, and then how they stared and sniffed!

"Now then, behave yourselves, children, or not a mouthful you get," commanded grandmother, as she shook the wooden mush ladle at the noisy company. "Jens, you stand here, and Holger there, and you, Hulda, you may sit in grandmother's chair. Harald, draw up your stool."

So they all stood or sat around the little board table while grandmother gave each of them a small plateful of steaming mush.

"Be careful, now," she gave them warning, "don't be too greedy, and burn your mouths. Take your time there, Jens, you know you haven't any milk to cool it with."

"O, how nice!" said Holger.

"I believe there's wheat flour in it," remarked Jens.

"Now listen to that!" exclaimed the cook. "He believes there is wheat flour in it. I tell you, Jens Einersen, that that mush is made of one-half wheat flour—the finest to be had in Merchant Bernhard's store, too."

Then there arose a chorus of exclamations and expressions of delight and gratification. The children took small spoonfulls from the edge of the dainty mass, and prolonged the pleasure as long as possible, but at length the last mouthful disappeared.

"Now, wait a minute," said grandmother, and the children became suddenly very quiet. Was there something more? What

a wonder grandmother was, to be sure! Yes; out came a plate, and on it was a pile of warm pan-cakes. They were not much larger around than the top of a tea-cup, and their thickness was nothing to speak of, but they were pan-cakes, anyway, and not made of bark or bone, but of beautiful white flour; and right in the middle of each cake rested a large raisin, surrounded by perhaps a dozen smaller ones arranged in a circle. The children could hardly believe their eyes, but they said nothing, for fear they were not intended for them.

"Now then," said grandmother, "I am going to give each of you one of these cakes. These are made of all wheat flour, and the raisins were given to you by little Thora Bernhard. Some day you must all thank her for them, as she is a good girl, God bless her. Sh— listen, we are celebrating Harald's birthday today. To-day he is fourteen years old. Did you know that, Harald?"

"I had forgotten it, grandmother."

"Yes, I knew you had, so I gave you this surprise," she chuckled over the success of her plan, and Harald indeed looked the happy boy he was at that moment.

The raisins were carefully picked away from the cakes. The cakes were then dispatched, and the raisins were kept, to be minced at leisurely. When the three children had been dismissed, grandmother turned to Harald and said:

"Harald, I saw you give Hulda most of your mush. It was hardly a taste for you, and you so hungry. Now, it's your birthday and you must have enough to eat for this once. See, I have saved a big plate-full for you, and here are some cakes and the raisins which Thora sent. She said they were for the children, but I knew by the way she talked that she wished you to have your full share. She told me what happened down by the rocks the other day."

"O, Grandmother," said the boy, and then he choked. The tears stood in his eyes. "You haven't had any yet," he said.

"I had a good dinner at Vangen, I'm not hungry, but I'll keep you company, anyway!" and she, too, took a spoon and ate.

Outside, the rain had begun again, and the evening was quite dark. The fire in the pot-stove had gone down. Grandmother put more wood in, and when it blazed up well, she took away the piece of sheet iron that served for a door, and let the dancing light shine

into the room. She then drew up her chair to the fire, and placed a low stool near it. The boy having finished his supper, the dishes were cleared away. Grandmother then got her knitting, and took her seat by the stove.

"Come, my boy," she said, "you need not spin tonight"—it had been the custom for Harald to spin yarn while she knitted. She did her spinning during the day—"Come sit down by the stove, on this stool while I talk to you."

The boy obeyed. She was both father and mother to him. During the fourteen years of his life, he had known no other true counselor, no other true friend. From her, he had received what he had known of kindness; from her he had obtained his crude ideas of life and the world; and from that kindly, deeply-marked soul, he had drawn his childish dreams and boyish ambitions.

"You are fourteen years old today, Harald. You are getting to be quite a man. Fourteen years ago, today,—yes, I remember it well."

Grandmother mused, while the needles nearly stopped their click. The boy looked into the fire.

"And, Harald, my boy, I want you to continue to be a man. You haven't had much chance in the world yet, but you will have your chances, many of them, and I want you take advantage of them as they come.

"Your grandfather used to say that he could trace his ancestry back to Harald Haarfagre, and he was not a little proud in the boast that he was of the ancient royal lineage. I don't know about that—I never took much interest in such matters. I always said that it matters very little what our forefathers were, but it matters very much what we are; and whether you, my boy, have in you the blood of Viking kings, or whether you have not, what you amount to will depend upon your own endeavors. I want you to remember that, Harald."

"Yes, grandmother."

"Your present poverty-stricken condition must not daunt you. Your extremely humble beginning must not make you discouraged. What credit has he who is born into so-called wealth and honor? Of far greater worth is your condition, my boy, down here at the bottom of the ladder, with energy and heart to climb by your own

and God's help to the top. Remember, He who became the greatest of all, first became the humblest and lowliest of all. The whole, vast, upward region is before you. Oh, what a career is yours, if you but will it!

"But, my boy, in all you do, trust in God. In all your trials, and you will have many, see beyond the sore present into the blessed future. Your faith must never forsake you. God is behind everything, remember that. Outside, the air is dark, and the black clouds hang low over the earth, yet if you think a moment, you will know that out beyond, above the clouds, shines unhindered the glorious sun. So it is with God and His providences. And now, we will read one chapter from the Bible and go to bed. Harald, get it for me."

But Harald did not move, and when the grandmother looked down at him, she saw his tired head resting against her knee. The boy was asleep. Not that he was disinterested in his grandmother's words, for she often talked to him in the same encouraging strain, but he was so tired, and tonight he had had an extra plate of mush for supper.

Grandmother said no more, but ran her fingers through the brown hair, smiling to herself.

(To be continued.)

ACHIEVEMENT.

'Tis the coward who stops at misfortune;
 'Tis the knave who changes each day;
 'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,
 Then throws all his chances away.

There's little in life but labor,
 And tomorrow may prove but a dream,—
 Success is the bride of Endeavor,
 And luck but a meteor's gleam.

John T. Moore, in Success.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

BY JAMES H. MARTINEAU, UTAH PIONEER, AND RESIDENT OF
COLONIA JUAREZ, MEXICO.

It has often occurred to the writer that many of the younger members of the Church, not having given much attention to the subject, do not understand and appreciate as fully as they ought the powers and authority of the holy priesthood conferred by our Father upon his children. Almost without exception the saints can truthfully testify that through faith and power of the priesthood the sick are healed, also the deaf, the dumb, the blind and the lame. Thousands of living witnesses can testify that this is true. But there are many, who, while they know this, do not seem to realize that the same power which can heal the sick and afflicted can also bless our domestic animals when needful, and control and bless the elements for the good of the saints and prosperity of the work of the Lord; that by power and authority of the holy priesthood men holding it may, today as in ages past, cause the rains of heaven to descend or be withheld; streams of water to increase their volume, and living springs break forth in places where water never yet had run; that untimely frosts may be stayed, and that a barren soil may be filled with life and fertility. Yet all this is possible and true: all this has been accomplished, as the writer can testify from actual, personal observation and experience during a period of over fifty years in these western lands.

And while these marvelous changes have occurred, it has not been through chance, but because of blessings that have been pronounced upon the lands, waters and climate, by elders holding proper authority, and in fulfillment of prophecy uttered by them; to a few of which instances attention will now be called.

When Utah was first settled by the pioneers it was a desert so dry and parched, so barren and drear, it seemed impossible to create in it a home for the weary pilgrims who first beheld its sage brush valleys and stupendous peaks; but the servant of God said prophetically, "Here will we build the temple of our God." This declaration carried with it the necessary conclusion that here the Church would build up a new commonwealth of farms, villages and cities, of gardens and fields, flocks and herds. To this end, he who held authority to do so blessed the land that it should be fertile; the waters, that they should increase; the climate, that the rains of heaven should descend and that crops might mature. A mountaineer, many years a resident, well acquainted with the climate and with the soil, declared that no crops could be grown—he would give a thousand dollars for the first bushel of corn grown. To all human appearance, he was right, not having the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to enlighten him; but time proved he was wrong. The prophecy has been fulfilled,—the blessings sealed upon the land by authority of the holy priesthood were sealed and honored also in the heavens, and the result is marvelous to behold.

The young and middle aged cannot today realize what Utah was fifty years ago. Instead of the luxuriant fields of today, one might travel day after day and see scarcely any grass,—nothing but sage brush, greasewood and sunflowers. Valleys like Cache and Bear Lake, which for years could produce nothing but pasturage and hay, because of cold and frost, are now, and for years past, fruitful gardens. When Cache valley was first settled, there was frost every month of the year, and so in Bear Lake. But the blessing of the Lord prevailed; the frosts abated, the climate changed, and the rains began to come in the dry season so that today thousands of acres produce excellent crops of grain without artificial irrigation.

The writer remembers well when certain lands about Bountiful were not thought worth taking as a gift, because of lack of water for irrigation, without which nothing could be grown. That locality today declares the blessings and prophecies of the servants of God fulfilled.

And so has it been in other places. In March, 1851, the writer went to the present location of Payson to make a home.

Not a house was then built by any of the five families who had recently settled there. The writer was told he could have plenty of land—but no water. They said there was not enough for the five families then on the ground, and that the entire stream could run in a single plow furrow. Today all that locality is a garden, sustaining thousands of souls.

Denied a place at Payson, the writer went on to Iron county, settling at Louisa, as Parowan was first named by Apostle George A. Smith in honor of Louisa Beeman. During the first season there was an almost total loss of field crops because of water famine; the soil beneath the surface was dry and porous, and the water turned upon it could scarcely be made to spread over the ground, but went right down into the earth.

In May, 1851, President Young with a large company visited Parowan, and at a public meeting held there on the 11th of that month, the scarcity of water was referred to, and the Prophet Heber C. Kimball made the following prophecy: "As the needs of the people for water increase in these valleys of the mountains, so shall the waters increase. Write it down, for it is true." The writer heard the prophecy and blessing, and made record thereof in the stake record and in his own. Now, thousands of acres there produce bountiful harvest each year. The waters have increased as was foretold.

And the climate there has changed also. During all the nine years the writer lived in Parowan, his apple trees—a hardy fruit—were killed right down to the ground every winter by the extreme cold and frost; now more tender trees and fruits flourish there. And such has been the case in many places in which the saints have settled, and it has been because the lands and all pertaining thereto have been dedicated and blessed by authority of the holy priesthood.

Upon occasion of a visit made in the early 50's to the new settlement named Washington, in southern Utah, by Apostles George A. Smith and Amasa Lyman with others, the writer accompanying them, the party stopped one day for noontide lunch at a small spring which ran but a few yards and then sank away in the sand. In order to get a drink, and unable to dip up any water with a cup because of shallowness, the writer was obliged to dip it a spoonful

at a time, until a cup could be filled. About twenty years afterwards in passing again over the same route, a wonderful transformation was presented: where had been a spring too small to dip a cup for water, now was a small hamlet of several families, with shade and fruit trees, gardens, flowers and fields sufficient to sustain them. Thus was the prophecy fulfilled in this place.

When the Mexican colonies were planted, their lands were blessed and dedicated, and the same results have followed to some extent, for the early settlers of Colonia Juarez testify that since that colony was planted, the waters of Rio Piedras Verdes, which run through it, have increased full one-third or more in volume.

For over fifty years, it has been the lot of the writer as U. S. Deputy Surveyor of public lands and mines, as engineer and explorer, and for twenty-five years in Iron and Cache counties one of the regularly organized minute-men, whose duty it was to be ready at any hour of the day or night to go on Indian military service,—to travel many thousand miles through lands at the time almost always uninhabited save by Indians. In traversing the same regions afterwards, the writer has found in very many places that new springs had broken forth where water had never before run, sometimes in most unlikely places; and sometimes large tracts, previously dry and desolate, had become covered with waving grass, often thick and tall enough for hay. And so to the natural eye of man has it become apparent that the blessings of the priesthood upon the land have been thus far fulfilled to the very letter, also the words of prophecy uttered by the servants of the Lord.

If any still doubt, let them read here words spoken by the Prophet Joseph, March 27, 1836, in the temple in Kirtland: he told the congregation “not to fear to prophesy good concerning the saints, for if you prophesy the falling of these hills and the rising of the valleys, the downfall of the enemies of Zion, and the rising of the kingdom of God, it shall come to pass.”

CHARACTERISTICS OF DEITY, FROM A "MORMON" VIEWPOINT.

BY B. H. ROBERTS.

PART II—PLURALITY OF GODS, AND FUTURE POSSIBILITIES FOR MAN.

But there are some expressions of scripture to consider which speak of the "oneness" of God. Speaking of the question which agitated the early Christian Church about eating meats offered to idols, Paul says: "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one."* Moreover, Jesus himself made this rather strange remark—that is, strange until one understands it: "I and my Father are one;" and so much one that he said, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father. * * Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me."† Consequently our philosophers, especially those who lived when the present Christian creeds concerning God were formulated, thought that by some legerdemain or other they must make the three Gods—the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost—just one person—being; and therefore they set their wits at work to perform the operation.

But let us seek out some reasonable explanation of this language. I refer again to the passage I just quoted from the writ-

* I Cor. 8: 4.

† John 14.

ings of Paul with reference to there being "none other God but one." Immediately following what I read on that point comes this language:

For though there be that are called Gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be Gods many, and Lords many.) But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.*

Now I begin to understand. "To us," that is, pertaining to us, "there is but one God." Just as to the English subject there is but one sovereign, so "to us" there is but one God. But that no more denies the existence of other Gods than the fact that to the Englishman there is but one sovereign denies the existence of other rulers over other lands. While declaring that "to us there is but one God," the passage itself also plainly says that there be "Gods many and Lords many," and it is a mere assumption of the preachers that reference is made only to heathen gods.

Again, we shall find help in the following passage in the 14th chapter of John:

At that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

Observe this last scripture, I pray you, "I in you," and "ye in me," as well as Jesus being in the Father. This oneness existing between God the Father and God the Son can amount to nothing more than this: that Jesus was conscious of the indwelling presence of the Spirit of the Father within him, hence he spoke of himself and his Father as being one, and the Father within him doing the works. But mark you, not only are the disciples to know that the Father is in him, that is in Christ, and that Jesus is in the Father, but the disciples also are to be in Jesus. In what way? Jesus himself has furnished the explanation. When the solemn hour of his trial drew near, and the bitter cup was to be drained to the very dregs, Jesus sought God in secret prayer, and in the course of that prayer he asked for strength of the Father, not only for himself, but for his disciples also. He said:

And now I am no more in the world, but these [referring to his disciples] are in the world, and I come to Thee. Holy Father, keep through

* I Cor., viii, 4-6.

thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, *as* we are.*

Now I begin to see this mystery of "oneness." What does he mean when he prays that the disciples that God had given him should be one, *as* he and the Father are one? Think of it a moment, and while you are doing so I will read you this:

Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word; that they all may be one: *as* thou Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us.†

Does that mean that the persons of all these disciples, whose resurrection and immortality he must have looked forward to, shall all be amalgamated into one person, and then that one fused into him or he into that one, and then the Father consolidated into the oneness of the mass? No; a thousand times no, to such a proposition as that. But as Jesus found the indwelling Spirit of God within him, so he would have that same Spirit indwelling in his disciples, as well as those who should believe on him through their testimony, in all time to come; and in this way become of one mind, actuated by one will. It must have been thoughts such as these that prompted Paul to say to the Ephesians:

For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

So that this oneness is not a oneness of persons, not a oneness of individuals, but a oneness of mind, of knowledge, of wisdom, of purpose, of will, that all might be uplifted and partake of the divine nature, until God shall be all in all. This is the explanation of the mystery of the oneness both of the Godhead and of the disciples for which Jesus prayed.

There are several other items in this branch of the subject

* John 17.

† John 17.

that would be of interest to discuss: but I must pay a little attention to the second indictment brought against us by sectarian ministers on the question of the plurality of Gods.

We have already shown that the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are three separate and distinct persons, and, so far as personality is concerned, are three Gods. Their "onenes" consists in being possessed of the same mind; they are one, too, in wisdom, in knowledge, in will and purpose, but as individuals they are three, each separate and distinct from the other, and three is plural. Now, that is a long way on the road towards proving the plurality of Gods. But, in addition to this, I would like to know from our friends—the critical sectarian ministers who complain of this part of our faith—the meaning of the following expressions, carefully selected from the scriptures:

"The Lord your God is God of Gods, and Lord of Lords."* That is from Moses.

"The Lord God of Gods, the Lord God of Gods, he knoweth, and Israel he shall know."† That is from Joshua.

"O give thanks unto the God of Gods! * * O give thanks to the Lord of Lords!"‡ That is David.

"And shall speak marvelous things against the God of Gods."§ That is Daniel.

"The Lamb shall overcome them: for he is Lord of Lords and King of Kings."|| That is the beloved disciple of Jesus—John the Revelator.

Had I taken such expressions from the lips of the pagan kings or false prophets who are sometimes represented as speaking in the scriptures, you might question the propriety of making such quotations in support of the doctrine I teach; but since these expressions come from prophets and recognized servants of God, I ask those who criticise our faith in the matter of a plurality of Gods to explain away these expressions of the scriptures. Furthermore, there is Paul's language, in his letter to the Corinthians,

* Deut. 10: 17.

† Josh. 22: 22.

‡ Psalm 136: 2, 3.

§ Daniel 11: 36.

|| Rev. 17: 14.

already quoted, where he says, "that there be Gods many, and Lords many, whether in heaven or in earth." Had his expression been confined to those that are called gods in earth, it is possible that there might be some ground for claiming that he had reference to the heathen gods, and not true Gods; but he speaks of those that "are Gods in heaven" as well as of gods in earth. Right in line with this idea is the following passage from the Psalms of the Prophet David: "God standeth in the congregation of the mighty; he judgeth among the Gods."* These undoubtedly are the Gods in heaven to whom Paul alludes, among whom the God referred to stands; among whom he judges. This is no reference to the heathen gods, but to the Gods in heaven.

In this same Psalm, too, is the passage which seems to introduce some telling evidence from the Lord Jesus Christ himself, viz., "I have said ye are Gods; and all of you are the children of the Most High." You remember how on one occasion the Jews took up stones to stone Jesus, and he called a halt for just a moment; for he wanted to reason with them about it. He said:

Many good works have I showed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?

Their answer was:

For a good work we stone thee not; but for blasphemy; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God.

What an opportunity here for Jesus to teach them that there was but one God! How easily, too, had he been so disposed, he could have explained about his "human nature" and his "divine nature," and showed to them the distinction; for these words have become part of the phraseology of Christian polemics. But he did not do that. On the contrary, he affirmed the plurality of Gods. He said to them:

Is it not written in your law, I said, Ye are Gods? If he called them Gods, unto whom the word of God came, *and the scripture cannot be broken*; say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world, Thou blasphemest; because I said, I am the Son of God? If I

* Psalm 82: 1.

do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works.

Higher authority on this question cannot be quoted than the Son of God himself. While there is much more that could and doubtless ought to be said on that branch of the subject, I must leave it here, because I have still another matter to present to you, on another branch of the subject; and that is, our third offense, namely, our belief that there is a possibility, through development, through growth, through doing what Jesus admonished his disciples to do—"Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect"—that the sons of God, somewhere and some time, may rise to a dignity that the Father and our Elder Brother have already attained unto.

Is there any doubt about men being the sons of God? If I thought there was any in your mind, I would like to read to you the words of an authority upon the question. Paul, in speaking of the unknown God to whom the Athenians had erected an altar, said to them:

God that made the world and all things therein * * * hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: For in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.*

Why ought they not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold or silver, graven by art and man's device? Because the very divinity within them, their own origin from God, ought to have taught them better than to bow down to images of wood and stone, the creations of man's hands. "Ye are the offspring of God," said the apostle. And David as quoted a moment ago, said: "I have said: ye are Gods, and all of you are children of the Most High." Upon which passage, it must be remembered, Jesus fixed the seal of his

* Acts 17: 24-29;

approval as shown a moment ago, where he quotes it in controversy with the Jews. Is it a strange and blasphemous doctrine, then, to hold that man at the last shall rise to the dignity that the Father has attained? Is it "heathenish" to believe that the offspring shall ultimately be what the parent is? My soul, I wonder why men at all conscious of the marvelous powers within themselves should question this part of our faith. Think for a moment what progress a man makes within the narrow limits of this life. Regard him as he lies in the lap of his mother, a mere piece of organized, red pulp—a new-born babe! There are eyes, indeed, that may see, but cannot distinguish objects; ears that may hear, but cannot distinguish sounds; hands as perfectly fashioned as yours or mine, but helpless withal; feet and limbs, but they are unable to bear the weight of his body, much less walk. There lies a man in embryo, but helpless. And yet within the span of three score years and ten, by the marvelous working of that wondrous power within in that little mass of pulp, what a change may be wrought! From that helpless babe may arise one like Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Pitt, or Burke, or Fox, or Webster, who shall compel listening senates to hear him, and by his master mind dominate their intelligence and their will, and compel them to think in channels that he shall mark out for them. Or from such a babe may come a Nebuchadnezzar, or an Alexander, or a Napoleon, who shall found empires and give directions to the course of history. From such a beginning may come a Lycurgus, a Solon, a Moses, or a Justinian, who shall give constitutions and laws to kingdoms, empires and republics—blessing happy millions unborn in their day, and directing the course of nations along paths of orderly peace and virtuous liberty. From the helpless babe may come a Michael Angelo, who from some crude mass of stone from the mountain side shall work out a heaven-born vision that shall hold the attention of men for generations, and make them wonder at the God-like powers of man that has created an all but living and breathing statue. Or a Mozart, a Beethoven, or a Handel, may come from the babe, and call out from the silence those melodies and the richer harmonies that lift the soul out of its present narrow prison house, and give it fellowship for a season with the Gods. Out from that pulp-babe may arise a master mind who shall seize the helm of the ship of state

and give to a nation course and direction through troublesome times, and anchor it at last in a haven of peace, prosperity and liberty; crown it with honor, too, and give it a proud standing among the nations of the earth; while he, the savior of his country, is followed by the benedictions of his countrymen. And all this may be done by a man in this life! Nay, it has been done, between the cradle and the grave—within the span of one short life. Then what may not be done in eternity by one of these God-men? Remove from his path the incident of death; or, better yet, contemplate him as raised from the dead; and give to him in the full splendor of manhood's estate an immortality—endless existence—what may we not hope that he shall accomplish? What limits can you venture to fix as marking the boundary of his development, of his progress? Are there any limits that can be conceived? Why should there be any limits thought of? Grant immortality to man and God for his guide, what is there in the way of intellectual, moral and spiritual development that he may not aspire to? If within the short space of mortal life there are men who rise up out of infancy and so become masters of the elements of fire and water and earth and air that they well-nigh rule them as Gods, what may it not be possible for them to do in a few hundreds or thousands of millions of years? What may they not do in eternity? To what heights of power and glory may they not ascend?

It is idle today to ask men to be satisfied with the old sectarian notions of man's future life, where at best he is to be but one of a minstrelsy, twanging harps and singing to the glory of an incorporeal, bodiless, shapeless, passionless, immaterial, incomprehensible God. Such conceptions of existence no longer satisfy the longings of the intelligent or spiritual-minded man. Growth, enlargement, expansion for his whole nature, as he recognizes that nature in its intellectual, moral, spiritual and social demands, are what his soul calls for; and the systems of theology that rise not to the level of these hopes are not worthy man's attention.

Keep these thoughts in mind for a moment, I pray you. That is, remember the powers in man, what he has attained to in this life, and what it is conceivable for him to attain unto after the resurrection of the dead, when death shall have been removed from

his pathway. Keep this in mind, while I bring to bear on the theme under consideration another line of facts.

Let us consider, just for a moment, and in a very simple manner, the universe in which man lives. And let us start with what we know, and keep well within those lines. First of all, then, as to the earth itself: Thanks to the knowledge man now has respecting the earth, it is no longer regarded as the center of the universe, around which revolves sun and moon and stars, that in the ages of darkness were thought to have been created for the sole purpose of giving light by day and by night to the earth. No, friends, man has learned the true relation of the earth to these other objects in the universe. He knows that the earth is but one of a number of planets—one of a group of eight—that revolve regularly around the sun—and one of the smallest of the group at that. Outside of this group of planets, with whose motions and the laws thereof man has become familiar, is a vast host of fixed stars; that is, stars that apparently have no motion, or if they do, their orbits are so immense that man with the unaided eye can not discern it—hence we call them fixed stars. Our astronomers have learned that these fixed stars are not like the planets which move in their orbits about our sun, but, on the contrary, are like the sun itself, self-luminous bodies, and doubtless like the sun the center of opaque planetary groups; or at least we may say that reasoning from analogy, that is regarded as a very probable fact.

On this subject Richard A. Proctor, in his “Other Worlds Than Ours,” remarks:

To sum up what we have learned so far from the study of the starry heavens—we see that, besides our sun there are myriads of other suns in the immensity of space; that these suns are large and massive bodies, capable of swaying by their attraction systems of worlds as important as those which circle around our own sun; that these suns are formed of elements similar to those which constitute our own sun, so that the worlds which circle round them may be regarded as in all probability similar in constitution to this earth; and that from these suns all forms of force which we know to be necessary to the existence of organized beings on our earth are abundantly emitted. It seems reasonable to conclude that these suns are girt round by dependent systems of worlds. Though we cannot, as in the case of the solar system, actually see such worlds, yet

the mind presents them before us, various in size, various in structure, infinitely various in their physical condition and habitudes.*

With the unaided eye there is ordinarily within the range of our vision some five or six thousand of these fixed stars. With the aid of the telescope, however, there is brought within the range of man's vision between forty and fifty millions of fixed stars, with the probability existing that all these, as well as those fixed stars of sufficient magnitude to be within the range of our unaided vision are, like our own sun, the centers of groups of opaque planets, which, because they are opaque, cannot be seen by us. But this is but the beginning of the story of the universe. Immense as are the numbers of fixed stars to which I have called attention, and their distances so great that in some cases it would take a ray of light a million years to reach us from them, though light moves through space at such speed that it will travel some eight times around the earth in a single second—immense, I say, as are these numbers of fixed stars discovered to man by the telescope, they are after all but as the first “street lamps” of God's great universe—but a few of the motes in God's sunbeam. Let me explain. You have seen a ray of sunlight dart into a room through the half drawn curtains, and have observed that it reveals the existence of innumerable motes floating about in the sunbeam. You know that if the sunbeam should shift into another part of the room it will reveal the existence of motes in that part of the room also—millions of them. So you know that the atmosphere in the whole room is filled with such motes; that the atmosphere in every room in your house is in that same condition—that is, filled with motes; so all the rooms in all the houses of your friends, or in the city; so also the whole circumambient air of the whole earth. Well, what man has discovered in space pertaining to the existence of fixed stars—great, self-luminous bodies, unquestionably the centers of planetary systems the same as our sun is—all this, I say, is but as the sunbeam revealing the existence of a few of the motes that exist in some little corner of a room: for out on the farthest edge of space explored by man's vision aided by the most powerful helps he can use, man in contemplation can stand and con-

* “Other Worlds Than Ours,” p. 248.

ceive of still greater stretches of space filled by still more numerous suns, the centers of planetary systems, than has yet come within the range of man's vision. And standing thus in the midst of the universe, he begins to comprehend that great truth uttered by Joseph Smith when he contemplated the creations of the Gods. "There is no space," said he, "where there is no kingdom [created world], and there is no kingdom where there is no space, either a greater or a lesser space." But this is beside the subject.

What I want you to do is to think how small and insignificant this earth of ours is, even in comparison with some of the planets of our own system, some of which are hundreds of times larger than our earth. And then the sun, the center of the system, itself—what a speck it is in the universe! Though outweighing the combined mass of all the planets of which he is the center seven hundred and thirty times over, still he is but a point in the universe! To quote the words of an eminent author:

Thus extending our view from the earth to the solar system, from the solar system to the expanse of the group of stars to which we belong, we behold a series of gigantic nebular creations rising up one above another, and forming greater and greater colonies of worlds. No numbers can express them, for they make the firmament a haze of stars. Uniformity, even though it be the uniformity of magnificence, tires at last, and we abandon the survey, for our eyes can only behold a boundless prospect and conscience tells us our own unspeakable insignificance.*

And the earth itself, then, what of that? What an insignificant thing it is in the creations of God! With all its islands and continents; its rivers, lakes and mighty oceans; its mountains and its valleys; its towns, cities and all the tribes of men, together with all their hopes and fears and petty ambitions—all is but a mote in God's sun-beam—less than a single grain of sand on the sea shore.

What I want to ask in the light of these reflections is this: Is it such a wonderful thing to believe that at the last, one of God's sons shall preside over this little earth as the God-president or God of it? That our Father Adam, the "Grand Patriarch" of our race—the "Ancient of Days"—"Michael, the Archangel,"—give him what title you will—is it so hard to believe that he shall event-

* Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe," vol 2: p. 292.

ually attain to the dignity of the governorship of this earth, when it is redeemed and sanctified and become one of the glorified spheres of God?

Some of the sectarian ministers are saying that we "Mormons" are ashamed of the doctrine announced by President Brigham Young to the effect that Adam will thus be the God of this world. No, friends, it is not that we are ashamed of that doctrine. If you see any change come over our countenances when this doctrine is named, it is surprise, astonishment, that any one at all capable of grasping the largeness and grandeur of existence and the possibilities in man for growth, for progress, should be so lean of intellect, should have such a paucity of understanding, as to call it in question at all. That is what our change of countenance means—not shame for the doctrine Brigham Young taught.

I feel that I must have wearied you with so long a discourse; I know very well I have wearied myself; and yet I am loth to quit this splendid field for thought. The subject, and our conception of it, must ever rise up grander than our expression of it is. It is beyond our power to grasp it and make it plain in words. I can see in this "Mormon" doctrine of God the highest spirituality which the mind of man is capable of grasping. If our sectarian friends think that in us there is any drifting from the teachings of our prophets upon this subject, and that we of modern days are growing more spiritual than were they, it is not that we are changing, or leaving the old moorings of our faith; but it is because they themselves are giving a little more careful attention to our doctrines, and begin to catch their first sight of the grand spirituality which all the while has pervaded our belief in the Gods and their government, and the heights of glory to which men—the offspring of the Gods—may finally attain. May the Lord bless you. Amen.

JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH.

SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

When it was announced, on October 17, 1901, that Joseph F. Smith had been by the quorum of the Twelve sustained and set apart as President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and had chosen as his counselors in the First Presidency, Elders John R. Winder and Anthon H. Lund, there was a universal sentiment of approval arising from all parts of Zion, and it was generally realized that the Saints felt in their hearts to say, amen.

This was verified when, on Sunday, November 10, the special conference and solemn assembly of the Priesthood ratified, without dissenting voice, the choice made by the apostles. Every stake of Zion, except one—Uintah—was represented either at the assembly or by letter transmitting action taken in local conference by the people. All the general authorities were sustained, including Hyrum Mack Smith as a member of the quorum of Twelve Apostles. It was a most impressive scene to witness the Priesthood, occupying the elevated stands and the central parts of the great tabernacle, rise to their feet, and, with uplifted hands, each quorum in order, covenant to sustain and uphold the authorities as presented. This action was followed by the whole congregation, the whole body of the Church, likewise rising to their feet and making in the same manner a like covenant. The voting was done in the following order, President Joseph F. Smith himself presenting all the names to be voted for: First Presidency, Apostles, Patriarchs,

Presidents of Stakes and their counselors and High Councillors, High Priests, Seventies, Elders, Bishops and their counselors, the Lesser Priesthood, (Priests, Teachers, and Deacons,) and the members of the Church including the Priesthood. The unity manifested among the ten thousand people was something wonderful to behold; while it must have been as astonishing to the stranger, as it was a means of thrilling joy to the authorities and the true lover of the work of God. Surely such a manifestation of unity must have its power for good both in the heavens and upon the earth.

With special reference to our Mutual Improvement Associations, it will delight the young men of Zion to learn that already on October 23, 1901, President Smith consented, at the solicitation of the General Board, to become, and was sustained on that day, General Superintendent of the Y. M. M. I. A. in all the world. He chose as his assistants Heber J. Grant and B. H. Roberts, and this action was also ratified by the solemn assembly.

From a sketch of President Joseph F. Smith, of whom the ERA presents in this number his favorite portrait, written by Edward H. Anderson a year ago, the following excerpts are taken which give some idea of the active life and staunch character of our new President and Superintendent:

It was John Locke, the great characteristic English philosopher, who, at the age of thirty, wrote:

"I no sooner perceived myself in the world, but I found myself in a storm which has lasted hitherto."

To Joseph F. Smith, who is among the greatest and most unique and notable individualities of that peculiar people, the Latter-day Saints, this sentence of Locke's is especially applicable. Only his life was enveloped in storm before he could perceive. He is the son of Hyrum Smith, the second patriarch of the Church and brother of the Prophet Joseph. His mother was Mary Fielding, of English origin, a woman of bright and strong mind and of excellent business and administrative qualities.

It was during the Missouri troubles. Governor Boggs had issued his order to exterminate the "Mormons." On the first day of November, 1838, through the heartless treachery of Colonel Hinckle, Joseph and Hyrum and several other leaders of the people were betrayed into the hands of an armed mob under General Clark

They were to be taken prisoners, and confined in jail, and perhaps shot. On the day following, these betrayed leaders were given a few moments to bid farewell to their families. Under a strong guard of militia mobocrats, Hyrum was marched to his home in Far West, and, at the point of the bayonet, with oaths and curses, was ordered to take his last farewell of his wife. For his "doom was sealed," and he was told that he would never see her again. Imagine such a shock to his companion! It would have overpowered and come near ending the life of an ordinary person. But with the natural strength of her mind, coupled with the sustaining care of God, she was upheld in this fiery trial with its added miseries to follow.

It was on the 13th day of the same month of November, 1838, in the midst of plunderings, and scenes of severest hardships and persecution, that she gave birth to her first-born who was named Joseph Fielding Smith. In the cold of the following January, leaving four little ones, under the care of her sister Mercy R.—children of her husband by a former wife then dead—she journeyed in a wagon with her infant to Liberty jail in Clay county, where the husband and father was confined, without trial or conviction, his sole offense being that he was a "Mormon." She was permitted to visit him in jail, but was later compelled to continue her flight from Missouri with her children to seek shelter in Illinois.

Such were the stormy environments of birth, and such was the first pilgrimage of the infant Joseph who has since compassed the earth and the islands of the sea, promulgating and defending the principles for which his father endured imprisonment and later martyrdom, and for which his mother suffered untold persecution and distress.

Joseph's early years were spent amid the agitations which culminated in the martyrdom of his uncle and his father on the memorable 27th day of June, 1844. After the abandonment of the city by the Twelve, and when the majority of the Saints had been driven from Nauvoo, in September, 1846, his mother fled from the city and camped on the west side of the Mississippi river, among the trees on its banks, without wagon or tent, during the bombardment of the city by the mob. Having later succeeded in making exchanges of property in Illinois for teams and an out-

fit, she set out for Winter Quarters, on the Missouri river. Joseph, a lad of only about eight years, drove a yoke of oxen and a wagon most of the distance through the state of Iowa to Winter Quarters, and his other occupation, after leaving Nauvoo, was principally that of herd boy.

On these western plains he drank in the freedom of the spirit of the West, and developed that physical strength which, notwithstanding his later sedentary occupation, is still observable in his robust, erect and muscular form.

He is a lover of strength and a believer in work. "Labor is the key to the true happiness of the physical and spiritual being. If a man possesses millions, his children should still be taught how to labor with their hands; boys and girls should receive a home training which will fit them to cope with the practical daily affairs of family life, even where the conditions are such that they may not have to do this work themselves; they will then know how to guide and direct others," said he, in a recent conversation with the writer.

The great and overpowering desire of all the Saints was to obtain means to gather to the valley. For this purpose, various kinds of labor was sought in Iowa and neighboring states, from farming to school teaching. In the fall of 1847, he drove a team for his mother to St. Joseph for the purpose of securing provisions to make the coveted journey to the Salt Lake valley, in the spring following. The trip was successfully made. * * * *

Leaving Winter Quarters in the spring of 1848, they reached the Salt Lake valley on September 23, Joseph driving two yoke of oxen with a heavy loaded wagon the whole distance. He performed all the duties of a day-watchman, herdsman and teamster, with other requirements imposed upon the men.

Arriving in the valley, he again had charge of the herds, interchanging with such labors as plowing, canyon work, harvesting and fencing. During this whole time, he never lost an animal entrusted to his care; this notwithstanding the numerous large wolves abounding in the valley.

His education was obtained from his mother, who early taught him, in the tent, in the camp, on the prairie, to read the Bible. He has had no other save that sterner education gathered from

the practical pages of life. But his opportunities in later years have not gone unused, and there are few college-bred men who delight more in books than Joseph. He is, too, a fair judge of the manner and matter of books. His leisure for reading is limited, owing to his constant employment in the affairs of the Church; but he loves to read books of history, philosophy, science; and has specially delighted in such authors as Seiss and Samuel Smiles, who may be said to be his favorites. He is fond of music, of which, though not a judge, he is a great lover, especially enjoying the music of the human voice.

In 1852, his mother died, leaving him an orphan at the age of fourteen. When fifteen years of age, he, with other young men, was called on his first mission to the Sandwich Islands. The incidents of the journey to the coast by horses, his work in the mountains at a shingle mill for means to proceed, and the embarkment and journey on the *Vaquero* for the islands, are sufficient for a long article in themselves; while his labors in the Maui conference, under President F. A. Hammond, his efforts to learn the language in the district of Kula, his attack of sickness, the most severe of his life, caused by Panama fever, and his other labors, and varied, trying experiences while there, would fill a volume. He says, "Of the many gifts of the Spirit which were manifest through my administration, next to my acquirement of the language, the most prominent was perhaps the gift of healing, and by the power of God the casting out of evil spirits, which frequently occurred." * * *

Returning in 1858, he joined the militia which intercepted Johnston's army, serving, until the close of hostilities, under Colonel Thomas Callister. He was later chaplain of Colonel Heber P. Kimball's regiment, with the rank of captain. He took part in many Indian expeditions, and was in every sense a minute man in the Utah militia.

In the spring of 1860, he was sent on a mission to Great Britain, driving a four-mule team over the plains for his passage. On this mission he served nearly three years, returning in the summer of 1863; it was here that the intimacy between President George Q. Cannon, who presided over the mission, and Joseph F. Smith began; friendship and love for each other were engendered, which have since grown stronger through the intimate careers of two

beautiful lives. On his return, President Young proposed at a priesthood meeting that Joseph and his cousin, Samuel, each be given a present of \$1,000 to begin life with. President Smith realized in the neighborhood of \$75.00, in provisions and merchandise, but mostly a legacy of much annoyance from certain people who entertained the current belief that he had thus obtained a small fortune. With the exception of the cost of his passage and stage fare home, which was sent him by his aunt, Mercy R. Thompson, amounting to about \$100, he paid his own expenses throughout, as he had done on previous missions. President Smith has been too busy with his work to make money, and his temporal affairs are a strong testimony to his exclusive devotion to the public good.

He had only been home a short time, when, in the early spring of 1864, he was called to accompany Ezra T. Benson and Lorenzo Snow on a second mission to the Sandwich Islands to regulate the affairs of that mission, which had been greatly disarranged by the well-known shrewd and covetous actions of Walter M. Gibson. In this mission he acted as principal interpreter for the Apostles. After Gibson was excommunicated from the Church, Joseph was left in charge of the mission, with W. W. Cluff and Alma L. Smith as his fellow-laborers. It was many months after Gibson had been cut off before his people left his jurisdiction and returned to the standard of the Church. Among the works accomplished by Joseph and his associates on this mission was the selection of the Laie plantation as a gathering place for the Saints, which was afterwards, on their recommendation, purchased by a committee sent for that purpose by President Young, and which has proven a valuable possession for the mission, and for the Church in a general way. Joseph and his aids returned in the winter of 1864-5. * *

It was while on this mission that the drowning incident occurred, frequently mentioned in sketches of President Snow. That incident, as related by him, who was opposed to the brethren going ashore and who therefore remained on the vessel, notwithstanding he was the youngest of the party, and remained against the protest of his brethren, illustrates two predominating traits in his character: When he is convinced of the truth, he is not afraid to express himself in its favor to any man on earth. When he does

express himself, it is often with such earnestness and vigor that there is frequently danger of his giving offense.

On his return home, he labored in the Church historian's office for a number of years; also as clerk in the endowment house, succeeding Elder John V. Long in that capacity; being in charge, after the death of President Young, until it was closed. He had been ordained an Apostle under the hands of President Young, on July 1, 1866, and on the 8th of October, 1867, he was appointed to fill a vacancy in the quorum of the Twelve Apostles. In the year following, he was sent with Apostle Wilford Woodruff and Elder A. O. Smoot to Utah county, and served one term in the Provo city council. On February 28, 1874, he went on his second mission to England, where he presided over the European mission, returning in 1875, after the death of President George A. Smith. On his return he was appointed to preside over the Davis Stake, until the spring of 1877, when he left on his third British mission, having first witnessed the dedication of the first temple in the Rocky Mountains, at St. George, April, 1877. He arrived in Liverpool, May 27, and was joined a short time afterwards by Apostle Orson Pratt, who had been sent to publish new editions of the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. When news arrived of the death of President Young, they were released, arriving home September 27. In August of the following year, he was sent with Apostle Orson Pratt on a short eastern mission, visiting noted places in the history of the Church in Missouri, Ohio, New York and Illinois. It was on this trip that they had their famous interview with David Whitmer. When the First Presidency was organized, in October, 1880, he was chosen second counselor to President John Taylor, who died July 25, 1887. He was chosen to the same position in the Presidency under President Woodruff; and held it under President Snow. It would take too much space to name his various civil positions held in Salt Lake City and in the legislature of the territory, where he served the people long and faithfully. All my readers are familiar with the work of his recent years; it is like an open book to the whole people.

So he has been constantly in the service of the public, and by his straightforward course has won the love, confidence and esteem of the whole community. He is a friend of the people, is easily

approached, a wise counselor, a man of broad views, and, contrary to first impressions, is a man whose sympathies are easily aroused. He is a reflex of the best character of the "Mormon" people—inured to hardships, patient in trial, God-fearing, self-sacrificing, full of love for the human race, powerful in moral, mental and physical strength.

President Joseph F. Smith has an imposing physical appearance. He has completed his sixty-third year; he is tall, erect, well-knit and symmetrical in build. He has a prominent nose and features. When speaking, he throws his full, clear, brown eyes wide open on the listener who may readily perceive from their penetrating glimpse the wonderful mental power of the tall forehead above. His large head is crowned with an abundant growth of hair, in his early years dark, but now, like his full beard, tinged with a liberal sprinkling of gray. In conversation, one is forcibly impressed with the sudden changes in appearance of his countenance, under the different influences of his mind: now intensely pleasant, with an enthusiastic and childlike interest in immediate subjects and surroundings: now absent, the mobility of his features set in that earnest, almost stern, majesty of expression so characteristic of his portraits—so indicative of the severity of the conditions and environments of his early life. Bravery and fidelity to trust are indissolubly interwoven with his character. He was never known to shirk a duty or prove recreant to a responsibility.

As a public speaker, his leading trait is an intense earnestness. He impresses the hearer with his message more from the sincerity of its delivery, and the honest earnestness of his manner, than from any learned exhibition of oratory or studied display of logic. He touches the hearts of the people with the simple eloquence of one who is himself convinced of the truths presented. He is a pillar of strength in the Church, thoroughly imbued with the truths of the Gospel, and the divine origin of this work. His whole life and testimony are an inspiration to the young.

Under him the affairs of the Church are in the care of a wise, able and conservative servant of the Lord, who has the full confidence, sympathy and earnest prayers of the Latter-day Saints for a long and prosperous administration, under the inspiration and blessing of God.

SOME LEADING EVENTS IN THE CURRENT STORY OF THE WORLD.

BY DR. J. M. TANNER, SUPERINTENDENT OF CHURCH SCHOOLS.

Miss Ellen Stone.

In the early part of September, Miss Ellen Stone, a Protestant missionary for some twenty-five years in European Turkey, was captured by a band of Bulgarian brigands, and carried away into a mountainous district, a district practically inaccessible to all save those who are familiar with the country. Miss Stone was on her way from Bulgaria, north of the Balkan Mountains, to Salonika, a seaport town on the Ægean Sea. It is the old Thessalonica of the New Testament. Miss Stone started on this journey in company with some fifteen other persons, most of whom were as helpless as herself, and she started, it is asserted by the Turks, in the face of Turkish protests, and Turkish warning. The country is more or less infested by robbers, and is unsafe for ordinary travel. As a rule, the Turkish government recommends to those who travel through Macedonia that they go in parties of as large a number as possible, and that they take with them an escort of Turkish soldiers.

The brigands, at the outset, made prisoners of the entire party, but, after a night's detention, released all except Miss Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, the wife of an Albanian, who shortly after her capture, it is said, gave birth to a child, and who afterwards died through exposure, all of which is mere rumor awaiting confirmation. The purpose of the bandits soon became known through a message from them announcing that Miss Stone was held subject to a ransom of twenty-five thousand liras, Turkish money, an

amount exceeding one hundred thousand dollars United States gold coin. The demand for the ransom was accompanied with the threat that unless the money was forthcoming within a given time, Miss Stone would be put to death. Efforts were immediately made, and the necessary amount was raised in this country and forwarded to Turkey.

Numerous reports and alleged letters furnish the public very unsatisfactory information as to the real status of the affair. It has been reported that Miss Stone was really put to death, but later the reports have been denied by a statement that private information had been received from the captive. Those best informed as to the character of these bandits, and who are familiar with their code of honor, assure us that the bandits mean exactly what they say, and that while the time of her threatened death may be postponed, the event is certain, in case the money is not forthcoming. Some question, however, has arisen as to who these bandits are: whether they are Turks or whether they are Christian Bulgarians. Reports have been circulated from Bulgaria to the effect that they were Turks, but these reports have been very generally discredited, in view of the fact that great prejudice exists among all the Christian people of Turkey against the Turks. Tsilka, himself, is authority for the statement that at the time the party was captured, a Turk was also taken prisoner, and was killed by means of his own knife in the hands of one of the bandits.

As soon as our ambassador to Constantinople learned of the unfortunate affair, he set out to Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, for the purpose of urging the Bulgarian government to take steps to apprehend the abductors of Miss Stone. It is his opinion that these bandits are a part of a committee of what is commonly called a Macedonian Committee, made up of Bulgarians. It is the purpose of this committee to keep up throughout Macedonia, or Roumania, as it is sometimes called, an agitation that will lead to an uprising, and finally the dismemberment of Roumania from the Turkish Empire. Most of the inhabitants of that country belong to some Christian denomination, and the country lies between Greece on the south, and Bulgaria on the north, a large portion of the population consisting of Bulgarians and Greeks. For many years, during the discussion of the "Sick Man" and the breaking up of his

empire, there has been going on a lively discussion between the Greeks and the Bulgarians as to which should inherit Macedonia. Each of these nations is afraid the other will get the country, and the hatred between Bulgarian and Greek is much more intense, in consequence of such dispute, than that which exists between either of these people and the Turks. It is the business of this Macedonian Committee to so keep up the agitation that the European powers will be compelled to force Turkey to surrender practically all that Turkey owns, except Constantinople, in Europe. This committee has been led by one Sarafof. The committee needed money to carry on its campaign, and began to make assessments upon the wealthy men of Bulgaria. If these wealthy men refused to pay, they were often assassinated. Something of a reign of terror was inaugurated. At last the committee was broken up, but it soon effected another organization for the purpose of obtaining plunder, and creating a spirit of revolution in Macedonia against Turkish rule.

The Turks can hardly be held responsible for the acts of Bulgarian brigands, except that Turkey is too weak to maintain law and order in the mountain districts of Macedonia. At first, in this country, considerable feeling was aroused against the Bulgarians because of the fact that citizens of the United States, by means of the Robert's College on the shores of the Bosphorus, had expended many hundreds of thousands of dollars in the education of Bulgarian students, who are now leading officials in the Bulgarian government.

Bulgaria is only nominally under Turkish rule, but Turkish sovereignty is theoretically supreme in that country. Strictly speaking, the Turks would have a right to pursue these Bulgarian brigands into the latter's country; but this, the great powers would not permit. This country of late has been in considerable suspense over the fate of Miss Stone and awaits with deep anxiety the outcome of the negotiations for her rescue.

The Execution of Czolgosz.

Tuesday, October 29, witnessed, in this life, the end of Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley. All the circumstances of this sad event, the imprisonment, the trial, and the ex-

ecution of the man, are splendid testimonials of the inherent disposition of the people generally of this country to adhere to the rules of law and order of our government, and it is fortunate, as an example to mobs, that no overt act was committed in the case of Czolgosz, but that he was permitted to be disposed of in a lawful manner.

It would be as a rule best 'if the assassin could be entirely forgotten, and it is certainly gratifying that his last days passed without any great publicity to encourage others of his class to seek notoriety in a similar manner. The execution was most expeditious, and the manner of his execution rather commends the law of New York, by which its criminals are put to death by electricity. It is said that the assassin, at the time of his execution, could not have experienced a consciousness after the battery was applied more than a fraction of a second. His body was so disposed of that cheap sensation-mongers will be unable to remind the people of this country, by the exhibition of alleged skulls and bones of the assassin, that such a man has had an existence. What, however, seems most suggestive to the people generally of the United States was one of his last utterances that he was not sorry for his act, that President McKinley was "an enemy of the good people—of the good working people." This perhaps represents the debased feeling of a man who had become the victim of agitation. He probably imbibed that spirit from yellow journalism, which it is hoped the people of this country will do all in their power in the future to suppress.

The Liquor Problem.

Now that Tammany Hall of New York City has been defeated, and the anti-Tammany forces are in control of the great metropolis of this country, the people of New York, as well as those in other great cities of our country are face to face with a problem that has perhaps contained within it more elements of human misery and human destruction than any other one. It is not necessary to explain how drink shatters the whole life of man, but it is necessary to understand the best means of minimizing its harmful consequences. What is true of New York City is largely true of every large city in the United States. New York has been strug-

gling with the liquor problem for some time, and especially with Sunday selling. The conditions, therefore, under which liquors may be disposed of in New York City are somewhat interesting. There are really four legally recognized methods in the sale of liquor: first, by druggists; second, by grocers; third, by hotels; and fourth, by saloons. The druggist sells on prescription, the grocer may sell in wholesale amounts liquor that cannot be consumed on the premises, the word saloon is self explanatory, but the sale of liquor by hotels is somewhat peculiar to New York. This method was established by what is known as the Raines Law. It is quite customary among tens of thousands of people throughout this country, and especially in the large cities, to make some form of light liquors a beverage, that is, wines and beer. This practice is quite common among a large proportion of what may be denominated commercial travelers and tourists. They claim that they have the same right to take alcoholic drinks that their friends have to take a cup of coffee for their breakfast. The demand of this class caused the state of New York to yield to the sale of liquor in hotels on Sunday. A provision however was made that the hotel should be *bona fide* and to be *bona fide* it must contain a certain number of rooms. Now liquor selling on Sunday, when men have leisure, and when out of employment they are disposed to carouse, is of course a most profitable business, however questionable an occupation. The saloon element in New York soon found opportunity to evade the law by selling liquor in a house containing a certain number of rooms. This evasion of the law had become all the more obnoxious because the extra rooms of the saloon were often used as brothels, so that the Raines Hotel, as it is sometimes called, became a dangerous den of vice and crime. The smaller saloon men, who could not afford the higher rent in order to comply with the hotel law, openly ignored it, and to their minds with abundant justification. How far the new government of New York City and that of our own capital may be able to control liquor traffic on Sunday is a question which the future alone can solve. One thing, however, seems to be apparent, and that is, that whatever may be said of the relative amount of liquor drank now and in times gone by, it is evident that intoxicating drink is yearly invading more and more the Sabbath day, and it is certain that the Lord's day is more

completely disregarded the present time than at any time in the history of our country, by the use of intoxicating drinks. There is a specious argument that people who work all the week need some relaxation and pleasure on the Sabbath day. The trouble with those who advocate the Sabbath day for pleasure resorts, is that what they would have us think they mean by relaxation and pleasure is really indulgence in vice. The Sabbath day God made holy, and man cannot disregard that divine injunction without reaping the awful consequences of its neglect. People must not imagine that the civil authorities alone can correct the great evils of the Sunday saloon. There must be an ever vigilant watch-care by parents over the conduct of their children. There must be no relaxation in preaching, teaching, admonishing and warning upon the evils of drink. There is a spirit as well as a letter in every divine command, and when the spirit of the law is gone the letter becomes ineffectual.

THE OLD HIGH HAT.

Thrown out here on the rubbish heap, dusty, battered and dented deep—
Style, the pattern of 'fifty-three—my! old hat, you're a sight to see!
Cleanin' house and yer had ter go? Well, that's nateral, don't yer know?
Hats and men, that have had their day, have ter git if they're in the way.
Changed a little we have, I swan! sence that night when I put yer on,
New and shiny and grand and tall, and took Her to the fancy ball.
Mind the walk from the hall that night? Moon shining so big and bright,
And she sayin'—with arm in mine—How becomin' you are, and fine!
Hum-a-day! that was long ago. Now she thinks you're a perfect show,
And the children are laffin' at Grandad here and his old, high hat.
Time don't linger fer man ner tile, hats and heads they go out of style,
Have to pass and make way fer new—that's as sartin fer me as you.
Come, old feller, I'll take yer in, hang yer up on the nail agin;
For, though now we are worn and gray, we've been somebody, aint we,
hey?

Saturday Evening Post.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REDEMPTION BEYOND THE GRAVE.

A missionary writing to the editor of the ERA is troubled upon this subject, and asks to have the matter explained. He refers to II Nephi 9: 27-38, and Alma 11: 40, 41, which passages appear to give him the impression that there is no redemption beyond the grave.

Let me say in explanation that Alma is evidently speaking to those who have received a knowledge of the gospel or the plan of salvation, as would appear by the 27th verse of the 9th chapter of Second Nephi: "But wo unto him that has the law given; yea, that has all the commandments of God, like unto us, and that transgresseth them, and that wasteth the days of his probation, for awful is his state!"

Now, it is evident that such as these have no chance for redemption, no matter what may be done for them in hope or by faith, for they will have sinned against light and knowledge, and are, therefore, worthy of damnation. It is nowhere revealed that such as these will ever be forgiven, although we are informed that all of God's judgments are not given unto men. As in Alma, the prophet is speaking of the world as it should be found at the coming of Christ; the people at that time were all without a knowledge of Christ, and the plan of redemption, and Christ is to take upon him the transgressions only of those who believe on his name, and believing, of course, repent and do the works that he commands. "And these are they that shall have eternal life, and salvation cometh to none else." Now, this means that there is no other means of salvation revealed or given to the children of men, except that offered by the Son of God, and those who reject this, whether before or after they have received it in part, can not be saved, because they rejected the means of their redemption and

salvation. Not so with those to whom Christ went to preach, when his body lay in the tomb; they were disobedient to the message of Noah, which was a warning to them to repent or they should be destroyed by a flood. We are not told to what extent the gospel of Christ, in its fullness, was proclaimed to them, but are left to suppose that the message of Noah was not the fullness of the gospel, but a cry of repentance from sin, that they might escape destruction by the flood. They hardened their hearts against Noah's message, and would not receive it and were punished for this disobedience in their destruction by the flood; thus, in part, paying the penalty for their disobedience; but, not having received the light, they could not be condemned as those spoken of in 9th Nephi, who had all the commandments of God given unto them.

Therefore, Jesus went to preach to their spirits in prison, and proclaimed liberty and deliverance to them through their obedience, in the spirit world, that the work might be done for them in the flesh, and they be judged according to men in the flesh, and live according to God in the spirit. So that there is no conflict in these scriptures. Of course, there is a difference between those who receive the light of the Gospel and the testimony of Jesus Christ, and afterwards rebel against that light and reject it, thereby putting Christ to an open shame, and crucifying him again, and those who are referred to by Alma: "Therefore, the wicked remain as though there had been no redemption made." These are not under as great a condemnation as those who have received it and rejected it; but so long as they remain unrepentant and wicked, there is no redemption for them, any more than for the others; but it is possible that these may repent in the spirit world.

In relation to the deliverance of spirits from their prison house, of course, we believe that can only be done after the Gospel has been preached to them in the spirit, and they have accepted the same, and the work necessary to their redemption, by the living, be done for them. That this work may be hastened so that all who believe in the spirit world may receive the benefit of deliverance, it is revealed that the great work of the Millennium shall be the work in the temples for the redemption of the dead; and then, we hope to enjoy the benefits of revelation through the Urim and Thummim, or by such means as the Lord may reveal

concerning those for whom the work shall be done, so that we may not work by chance, or by faith alone, without knowledge, but with the actual knowledge revealed unto us. It stands to reason that, while the Gospel may be preached unto all, the good and the bad, or rather those who would repent and those who would not repent in the spirit world, the same as it is here, redemption will only come to those who repent and obey. There is, no doubt, great leniency given to people who are anxious to do the work for their dead; and, in some instances, very unworthy people may have the work done for them; it does not follow, however, that they will receive any benefit therefrom, and the correct thing is to do the work only for those of whom we have the testimony that they will receive it. However, we are disposed to give the benefit of the doubt to the dead, as it is better to do the work for many who are unworthy than to neglect one who is worthy. Now, we know in part, and see in part, but we steadfastly look forward to the time when that which is perfect will come. We are left largely to our own agency here, to exercise our own intelligence, and to receive all the light that is revealed, so far as we are capable of receiving it; and only those who seek the light, and desire it, are likely to find it.

With reference to John 5: 25, the word "hear" implies more than the simple meaning of the word; "and they who hear shall live," that evidently means, they who hear and obey, and not those who simply hear; this, of course, stands to reason.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

EVILS OF MORTGAGING.

What a blessed condition would result in Zion if the evil of going into debt, of mortgaging the home, could be made very clear to every Latter-day Saint, young and old! Well, indeed, would it be if some of the burdens of the mortgage and its accompanying sorrows, could be felt and understood by every man who has in contemplation the pawning of his home and land for money—that he might comprehend its slavery and terror—as thoroughly prior

to the deed as he is sure to feel it after. In that event, he might be warned in time to avoid the fatal step, and awake as from a horrid dream to rejoice in his deliverance. With few exceptions, mortgages on private property end in disaster to the giver. Among the many reasons for this is the fact that the money received is generally used for frivolous or speculative purposes, and disappears with little trace of good or comfort behind. The drain of interest, the hopelessness of not being able to meet the principal, and the knowledge that all one's earnings go to pay for "only a debt", tend to discourage both the human brain and muscle. So worry sets in; for, he who discounts his future by signing a mortgage, hitches himself to the twin companions of debt, worry and anxiety. No amount of good advice can hinder him from worrying—he loses the refreshing power of sleep, while his waking hours are divided between his regular work and his cause of worry. Thus a mortgage is not only placed upon his property, but upon his life as well.

The pleasure, so called, of having a few extra dollars to spend for luxuries, or to use in a speculative trade, is no adequate compensation for such a waste of life and energy. Then consider another point. Property is generally mortgaged for half its value, and if it is brought to a forced sale, such action is likely to occur in a time of financial depression; hence, the mortgagor is lucky if barely enough is secured to lift the mortgage without leaving a deficiency judgment. In other words, one is glad to sell the roof over the heads of one's wife and children for half its value in money, which money in most cases has been used to no good purpose at all. And yet we rail at Esau for selling his birthright for a mess of pottage! It is quite likely that he stood in greater need of that pottage than most men need the money for which they mortgage home, strength, ability, future and happiness. It doubtless did him more good, too.

There are other reasons than these personal ones why the Latter-day Saints should not mortgage their homes and inheritances. What should we think of men who would jeopardise the position and place of the people of Zion! The land of Zion is an inheritance, and every man who mortgages his part of that inheritance places in jeopardy the land. Thus not only disinheriting himself, but committing a crime against the whole community and

the intelligence and wisdom that should characterize every true Latter-day Saint. The result of such action is appalling, and its contemplation something fearful to every lover of the people of God, the more so when one possesses a knowledge of how widespread is the evil.

Mortgaging, then, looked upon in its true light, is not only a private burden and detriment, in which a man's family is thrown out of house and home, and his own abilities, happiness and talents are destroyed or sadly diminished, but it is positively a public crime, in a community like ours. Disposing of inheritances in Zion partakes of the nature of such action as individuals pulling up and selling for money, the gold bricks from the streets of the Celestial City. It is intolerable, when looked upon in the right light! The old proverbs: "Who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," and "Lying rides on debt's back," should appeal directly to every man who contemplates mortgaging. But if personal appeal is not strong enough, let him remember that his home or farm is likely to go for half its value to satisfy his debt, and that his family who depend upon him will be left without adequate shelter and support. But if neither reason is strong enough to hold him back, let him remember Zion and his inheritance therein, and let her cause cry aloud to him to bring him to a realizing sense of the triple crime that he is about to commit, in order that his hand may be stayed, and he saved the humiliation, worry, anxiety and sorrow that must inevitably overtake him, unless he repent.

Now what has been said of the individual, may likewise be said of the whole people, for many are guilty, and the mortgaging mania is well-nigh universal. The community is no better than the individuals of which it is composed. Mortgaging and going into debt are great evils in Zion, of which the saints need sincerely to repent.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Preaching Without Purse or Scrip.

A presiding missionary laboring in Denver, Colorado, writes the

ERA stating that some of the elders who go out into the world have the impression that missionary work can be done only in the country districts in the way designated in the Doctrine and Covenants, Section 84: 86, viz., to "Proclaim the Gospel without purse or scrip."

They seem to think that in the large towns and cities it is necessary for them to have money to pay their way, believing that it gives them more prestige among the people, and in some instances looking upon it as lowering them in the estimation of the people by asking for entertainment. Some, we are told by this missionary, state the matter in this way: "The Lord has blessed me with means at home, why should I not use it to pay my way while preaching his gospel?" The ERA is asked to give a few words of explanation upon this subject. In reply, there can be no other answer given than that which is found in the Doctrine and Covenants referred to, namely: "Therefore let no man among you, (for this commandment is unto all the faithful who are called of God in the Church unto the ministry,) from this hour take purse or scrip, that goeth forth to proclaim this gospel of the kingdom."

This view of the subject was also taken by Christ when he sent forth his apostles, as recorded in the 10th chapter of Matthew: "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves: for the workman is worthy of his meat."

There are no other absolute instructions by the authorities of the Church, upon this subject. In fact, there can be none, for it would be to revoke the commandment of the Lord; but we are advised to use wisdom in all things, and wherever it would injure their health or expose them to unusual and unnecessary hardships, it would not be wisdom to avoid spending means to provide comforts, if money were in the hands of the missionaries. The question is largely one of advisability, according to the conditions which may confront the elders.

However, much more success, we think, might be achieved by missionaries, providing they were more determined to labor in compliance with the word of the Lord, instead of relying so much upon their means. The success of the late David H. Cannon in Germany, in this determination, led him to accomplish a wonderful

work. Friends were raised up to him in great numbers, and he never lacked for the necessities of life, for shelter, friends or money. But so determined was he that he should be without means, that he ordered his family at home to dispose in other ways of his small income than sending it to him, so that he should indeed be without purse and scrip in the missionary field. The Lord greatly blessed him, as He will all who comply with His requirements.

Christ's Ascension.

Did Christ ascend to the Father immediately after his resurrection?

This question arose in discussing the review questions of Lesson 3, question 20, 1901-2 Manual. In giving a review of his labors, some of the members conveyed the idea that Christ did not ascend until after the forty days (Acts 1: 3-9), and others that he ascended, reported to the Father and returned. This is not a vital question, nor is it one that can be answered definitely, and it is not profitable to spend much time on it. However, reference is made to Manual No, 1, "Life of Christ," Lesson xxi, Note 1, for reply as far as it can be given:

"Mary Magdalene may be spoken of as the first mortal who had ocular demonstration of the reality of the resurrection. Jesus had given instructions, both direct and indirect, regarding his resurrection; but these had necessarily been vague and indistinct. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that Mary was unprepared to recognize him at once upon hearing his voice and casually glancing at him. It required the calling of her name in the old, familiar, tender voice, to attract her attention to him, and insure full recognition. His words to her, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father," would seem not to have reference to his final ascension, for later in the same day and especially in the evening, he permitted himself to be handled by a number of his disciples. (Matt. 28: 9, 10. John 20: 19-25.) It is therefore safe to assume that his report to his Father may have been briefly made between his appearance to Mary Magdalene and to the other women, as he did not prohibit them from touching him. His spiritual whereabouts, during the time his body lay in the tomb, is fully accounted for by Peter, in his first Epistle 3: 18-20, and 4-6."

NOTES.

Irresolution in the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest causes of all our unhappiness.—ADDISON.

I can hardly understand how any great imaginative man who has deeply lived, suffered, thought, and wrought can doubt of the soul's continuous progress in after life.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

During a long life I have proved that not one kind word ever spoken, not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver, and becomes a chain, binding men with golden bands to the throne of God.—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

Of old, men traced Cæsar's march through Gaul by the villages he destroyed, and the fields he devastated; but we trace the heroes' progress through the centuries by the wastes that have become gardens and the deserts that now are Edens.—HILLIS.

"The mainstay of civilization," said Gladstone, "is a living faith in a personal God. After sixty years of public life, I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience by the reality, the nearness and the personality of God."

The way to find opportunities is to perform every task you undertake so thoroughly and so faithfully that you will attract the attention of your employer. If you do this, you will not be likely to remain long in obscurity. Even if you are not recognized immediately and advanced, it is the most rapid road to promotion.

An achievement to be proud of is that which carries immortality with it. No success is worthy the name which does not include character development. If a career has not an upward as well as an onward tendency, if a man has groveled in the mire, he is a failure though he have millions. That only is real success which aspires, which looks up, and which helps others to look up as well.

OUR WORK.

IMPORTANCE OF MISSIONARY WORK.

At the June M. I. A. Conference, Elder J. Golden Kimball, speaking to the officers upon this topic, said:

There is a great work to be accomplished among our young people. While I realize that the great responsibility rests upon us to preach the Gospel to every nation, kindred, tongue, and people, we desire that the M. I. A. missionaries should become familiar with the environments of our young men. As I labor among the young people, I feel that we are unrighteous in some of our judgments; that we decide that some young men are worthless, and that we are unable to reach them. We should enquire about their environments, and the teachings they have received at home. Hundreds of them may not have offered a prayer in their lives, not having been given the opportunity. Parents seem not to understand these things. Some of them have been pioneers. Theirs have been lives of hardship, deprivation, poverty and adversity all the day long. They have labored from early morning till late at night—gone to bed weary, got up weary; and they seem not to understand how precious are the souls of those spirits that are placed in their charge. Consequently, hundreds of young men have never had the advantages that you and I have had. For that reason, we are unrighteous in our judgments. It is, therefore, necessary that missionaries and officers shall be young men of wisdom, young men filled with kindness, with love and affection, who can fully comprehend how God and the Lord rejoices when a soul repenteth. When they reach after these young men they should become familiar with their environments, with all the difficulties they have had to meet, how they became rough, how they became accustomed to blaspheming the name of God; and it will be found many

times that it is because they have not been taught, because men have not reached out after them, and found their hearts, have not aroused their sympathy, nor lighted that spirit of repentance within them that may cause them to turn away from their sins. This great missionary work must be accomplished among this people. While it is true that we need strong men to send into the world, it is also a fact that it is not nearly as difficult to work abroad as it is to labor among our own young people. We do not meet with persecution in this home work, but we meet with indifference; and we meet with questions that are unanswerable unless a man is inspired of God. Consequently, we need missionaries and officers of wisdom and ability, men that are full of faith, men who by precept and example can awaken in the hearts of our young people a desire to serve the Lord. We do not need orators, we do not need preachers, we do not need exhorters; we have enough of them; but we need men who can go to their homes, who can sit down in their offices, and can convert them to this work, convert them to reading our literature, to the study of the Manual, and to the desires of the General Board and their labors.

GENERAL IMPROVEMENT FUND.

Officers of the Improvement Associations should remember that the date for the collection of the Improvement Fund is the first week in December. This subject should be taken up promptly in every association so that the result may be satisfactory to all concerned. It is the advice of the general board that the treasurer, or one of the aids in the stake board, specially adapted to this work, should be appointed to give his direct attention to the fund and all matters pertaining thereto. In each association, it would also be well to appoint one of the officers specially to superintend the collection of this fund. Several suggestions have been made as to how this may be best accomplished. Envelopes have been sent out by the general Secretary, which should be distributed to every member of the association, whether in attendance on the evening of distribution, or whether absent. In case of absence, the person specially appointed to look after the fund, should see to it that the envelope

reaches the absent members, so that all may have the privilege of adding their mites to the financial aid of our associations. In case there are delinquents, who do not comply with the request to contribute, it is proper for the president to visit such delinquents and encourage them to subscribe to the fund.

By this time, every officer and member is doubtless familiar with the object of the fund, and it is needless to say, that every dollar obtained by the General Board, will be accounted for and spent in the interest of the Mutual Improvement Associations, and the cause which they represent.

We hope to have it to record that this season has exceeded all others in the amounts collected.

RESPONSIBILITY OF OFFICERS IN MISSIONARY WORK.

Elder J. W. McMurrin, speaking on this topic at our June annual conference, gave some advice that is just at present very timely. Officers will do well to weigh carefully his remarks.

The design of the local missionary work is that every mutual improvement worker shall be a missionary. There may be, of course, a number from each association called and specially set apart to act as missionaries; but in traveling around among the stakes and listening to the counsels that have been imparted by other brethren, as well as by myself, this point has been urged, that every mutual improvement worker should be a missionary, and should be anxious to bring into the service some other man. I have felt myself, in visiting some of the stakes, that the great difficulty with us is that we do not have the missionary spirit. In some places, there is a disposition to give up; to feel that because there is not a ready response to our invitations there is no need of continuing our efforts. I have frequently called the attention of mutual improvement workers, particularly those who have been on missions abroad, to the spirit that they had in the world. When we go out as missionaries we leave our homes with the expectation of meeting all manner of obstacles; and, at the same time, with the determination that, come what will, we will succeed. This is the kind of men we want as

missionaries—men with a spirit of this kind, who realize that it is not a pleasure trip they are going on, but that there is work to do. I feel that this work is no light matter. The souls of men are very precious, and certainly the souls of our own children are as precious as any in the world. We want missionaries and officers who have this feeling in their hearts, who will appreciate the fact that this appointment is from the Lord, and that it is just as important as any appointment to go out among the nations of the world to preach this Gospel. We who are officers of these Mutual Improvement Associations are the men upon whom rests the responsibility of awakening an interest in the minds of the young, in relation to the importance of the mutual improvement work, and the Lord expects us to accomplish this labor.

When the missionaries come amongst us, we ought to have the feeling that the responsibility is not upon them alone; they have their portion, but each one of us has a portion also, and we want to labor earnestly and actively, with the feeling in our hearts that God has appointed us to this labor, and that it can be accomplished. In the world a missionary would go back to the same man a hundred times, if there existed the slightest evidence that he would receive him and talk with him, and he would travel miles upon miles that he might make an impression upon the stranger. This is the spirit that we want to have in mutual improvement work. If we go a hundred times to one individual, and at last his heart is touched, and he becomes a mutual improvement worker, what a glorious thing we have accomplished! I hope that we will take hold of this labor in this spirit, and not with a feeling to let the missionary go and work alone, but that we will work with him with all our hearts; not feel that he is an intruder, but receive him into our arms, and give him our love and confidence. If we will do this, we will have abundant success, and there will be a reawakening among the local missionaries, and a great improvement will take place in our associations.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY THOMAS HULL, GENERAL SECRETARY OF Y. M. M. I. A.

LOCAL—*October 19*—Four companies of the 18th Infantry arrive at Fort Douglas.....The Republicans of Logan named Lorenzo Hanson for mayor.....Members of the Salt Lake bar name T. D. Lewis and A. B. Sawyer as Independent Republican and Independent Democratic nominees for city judges.....20—George J. Gould and party of the Missouri Pacific and Rio Grande railways visited Ogden and Park City, inspecting the roads.....23—Mrs. Dr. Snowden of Mount Pleasant fatally wounds her baby, and commits suicide.....Gilbert D. Amos, once a wealthy man, dies in the county infirmary, aged 55.....President Joseph F. Smith is chosen General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A., and selects Heber J. Grant and B. H. Roberts as his assistants.....24—Hyrum Mack Smith, son of President Joseph F. Smith, age 29, is chosen to fill the vacancy in the Quorum of Apostles.....Mayor Thompson states to reform committee that he is in favor of the enforcement of the Sunday laws now in existence. But he is not inclined to favor a law looking to the abolishment of all Sunday sports26—Hannah Van Wagoner Smith, a pioneer of 1847, died in Provo.....Reform committee recommends that candidates for city positions not in favor of the reform movement, be not supported at the polls.....It is decided to institute military drill in the Salt Lake High School.....27—The friends of Isaac J. Wardle, the pioneer, who disappeared mysteriously three weeks ago, are afraid he has been murdered.....Elder A. H. Schulthess, late president of the German mission, reports that it is in a prosperous condition.....29—Mrs. Emma L. Osgood of Tooele, is killed in a runaway.....30—Leslie Stewart, son of Isaac Stewart, of Richfield, is fatally shot by accident, at Draper.....31—Asahel H. Woodruff, a son of the late President Woodruff, is appointed president of the Northern States Mission.....Gideon H. C. Gibbs, a pioneer of 1847, dies, aged 80.

November 1—Dividends for Utah mines in October, \$490,000; ore and bullion settlements, \$1,936,437; stock sales, 5,140,528 for \$3,740,803.-30.....Bathsheba W. Smith is appointed president of the Relief Societies of the Church, to succeed the late Zina D. H. Young.....Ephraim H. Nye is appointed president of the Eastern States MissionPresident Anthon H. Lund is elected president, and Joseph E. Taylor a member, of the Board of Trustees of the L. D. S. University2—President Joseph F. Smith becomes president of the General Board of Education of the Church, and President John R. Winder is elected a member of the Board.....5—The Republicans carry Ogden and Logan and the Salt Lake City election, all their candidates for general offices, except treasurer, being elected in the latter city, and eleven out of fifteen councilmen.....The Payson roller mills are destroyed by fire. Loss. \$10,000; insurance, \$800.....7—R. G. Taysum, a prominent newspaper man, dies in Salt Lake City, of paresis, age, 53.....President Joseph F. Smith is elected General Superintendent of Sunday Schools.....Russell Harding becomes general manager of the Rio Grande Western.....8—The street railway company of Salt Lake City is to erect a \$250,000 electric plant on the banks of the Jordan.....The 10,000,000 pound mark has been passed by the Lehi sugar factory in this season's run.....9—The residents of the southern part of Salt Lake county decide to establish a high school there.....10—In the Tabernacle, a special conference and solemn assembly is held, and the general authorities of the Church, as recently appointed, are unanimously sustained. The voting was by quorums of Priesthood and lay members of the Church in regular order, and was very impressive.....Mrs. Sarah Carmichael Williamson, a noted poetess in Utah in early days, is dead, aged 64.....12—There are prospects of a friendly alliance between the Rio Grande and San Pedro railroads.....The Logan Sugar Factory begins operations.....Orders are issued for the establishment of rural mail delivery in a great part of Salt Lake county13—Southern Utah is badly shaken by an earthquake. The loss in property will amount to \$100,000. Most damage is done in Sevier county.....President Joseph F. Smith was elected President of the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway Co., of the Saltair Beach Co., and the Utah Light and Power Co. It was decided to build 600 new bathrooms to SaltairJohn Squires, President Brigham Young's barber, born England, December 23, 1820, came to Utah in 1853, died.....15—Geo. W. Hancock died in Payson, Utah county, aged 75 years.....16—The Ogden and Salt Lake high schools tie in a game of football;

score 12.....B. M. Ellerbeck, aged 46, died in Salt Lake City.
17—The Salt Lake Federated Musicians organized with J.
 J. McLellan, president.....A fire in the Davis Shoe Co. and Elite
 photo gallery, Salt Lake, destroys \$12,000 worth of property.....
 Wm. Smith, born Scotland, June 6, 1818, died in Kaysville.....
 18—Utah has 572 Chinese and 417 Japanese. In 1890 there were 806
 and 4 respectively.....James Sheffield, born England, May 22,
 1830, died in Kaysville.

DOMESTIC.—October 19—Rear Admiral Francis M. Bunce, died at home
 in Hartford, Conn.....New Haven, Conn., is in gala attire in antici-
 pation of the celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of
 Yale.....20—The bi-centennial celebration of Yale began with
 religious ceremonies.....21—Burglars obtained entrance into
 the Chicago postoffice by digging under the building and boring into the
 vault, and taking therefrom \$76,610 in postage stamps.....23—
 President Roosevelt receives honorary degree LLD. from Yale.....
 At Walker's Station, Ore., Express Messenger C. Charles saves, by his
 bravery, the treasure from robbers.....24—A negro, Bill
 Morris, is burned at the stake at Balltown, La., for assaulting a white
 woman.....Admiral Schley begins his testimony before the
 court of inquiry.....27—A rebel force is defeated in the Philip-
 pines.....28—A serious race riot occurs in Washington Parish,
 La., resulting in the death of three white men and eleven negroes.....
 Determined to die unrepentant, Czolgosz, the assassin of President Mc-
 Kinley, refuses to see clergymen, and roundly abuses them.....
 29—Leon F. Czolgosz, the assassin, is electrocuted at Auburn prison, N. Y.
 He dies an avowed anarchist.....31—Rebels in Cebu, Philip-
 pine Islands, lay down their arms.

November 2—President Roosevelt appoints Thursday, November 28,
 a day of thanksgiving.....The Pan-American Exposition, at
 Buffalo, closed at midnight.....4—All the evidence in the
 Schley investigation has been taken, and arguments have begun.....
 Another negro is burned at the stake in Mississippi for the usual crime.
5—The Tammany ticket in Greater New York meets with
 overwhelming defeat. The Citizen's Union ticket is elected, Seth Low
 being elected mayor. Republicans show gains in the Ohio and other
 state elections.....5—A plot to massacre the American garri-
 son at Moncada, Luzon, Philippine Islands, is detected and frustrated
6—Ten lives are lost in a theater fire at Hurley, Wis.....
 7—The Schley court of inquiry concludes its public sessions. Its sit-
 tings have covered a period of forty days.....A serious mutiny

occurs in the United States prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.....
 8—A fierce battle with convicts occurs at Leavenworth.....11—
 The National Business League urges on President Roosevelt the establishment of a Bureau of Commerce and Industry.....An attempt of the Filipino insurgents to massacre an American garrison, is frustrated.....15—In a very unsatisfactory prize fight in San Francisco J. J. Jeffries proved victor over Gus Ruhlin, in the fifth round.....The Bureau of Forestry in the Interior Department is reorganized.....Decisions in the Bureau of Internal Revenue declares the Philippine Islands domestic territory.....16—Yale defeated Princeton in the annual football game at Yale by a score of 12 to 0.....The new Hay-Pauncefote treaty was signed at 12:05 in Washington. After ratification of the Senate, it takes the place of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty relating to the Isthmian canal.

FOREIGN—*October* 19—M. Santos Dumont, the Brazilian aeronaut, won the Deutsch prize of 100,000 francs, by making a trip in his air ship from St. Cloud, Paris, around the Eiffel tower and return in thirty minutes. There is some dispute over the time limit.....24—There are prospects of all able-bodied men in Great Britain being called to the military service.....27—It is rumored that King Edward, of Great Britain, has cancer of the throat.....30—A serious bread riot occurs in Mexico, in which twenty persons are killed. The people of the section of country south of the City of Mexico, are threatened with starvation.....France has sent a squadron to Turkey, to enforce claims against that country.....31—Word is received of a severe reverse met by the British in South Africa.

November 3—A desperate, two-days battle between the British and the Boers, is reported from South Africa. The Boers were repulsed.....4—Traffic in London is paralyzed by a heavy fog.....A bloody fight between two factions of Christians occurs in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem.....6—It is reported that the women of Japan have protested against the "Mormon" missionaries being allowed to continue their work in Japan.....7—Earl Li Hung Chang, China's greatest statesman, is dead of ulceration of the stomach.....8—Turkey concedes all of France's claims.....9—A fearful death-rate is reported as prevailing among the Boers in the concentration camps of the British in South Africa.....10—It is reported that the life of Miss Helen Stone, who is held for ransom by brigands in Bulgaria, is in danger.....12—A tremendous storm sweeps over Great Britain, causing great damage.....16—Severe frosts and dense fogs prevail in London.....18—Advices from Rome indicate that the Pope is in very ill health, and that his end is not far distant.

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